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THE GREAT FIRE IN CHICAGO—GROUP OF REFUGEES IN THE STREET.—DRAWN BY C. S. REINHART.—[SEE PAGE 1010.]

HARPER'S WEEKLY.

SATURDAY, OCTOBER 28, 1871.

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☞ *The Eight-page* SUPPLEMENT *supplied gratuitously with this Number of* HARPER'S WEEKLY *presents, among other attractive features, a view of the* NEW CITY HALL AT DETROIT, MICHIGAN; *two timely comics, showing Mr. Barney O'Toole in two characters—as an Honest Immigrant and as a Tammany Office-Holder; a picturesque sketch from the upper part of New York, entitled*

The March of Modern Improvement;

"THE REHEARSAL," *engraved from a celebrated painting in the London International Exhibition;* "LORD KILGOBBIN;" *the* "ROMANCE OF MISS TURNDSEED," *etc.*

THE AUTUMN ELECTIONS.

THE result of the elections in Pennsylvania, Ohio, and Iowa, following close upon those in California and Maine, shows that profound distrust of Democratic ascendency which can not surprise any candid observer, and which makes ridiculous all the talk about new parties and exhausted issues. The public welfare is never an exhausted issue; and when the question is between a party whose character and career are so perfectly well known as those of the Democratic organization, and the Republican, it is a simple question whether the public welfare will be more promoted by general honesty and intelligence than by the reverse. Public opinion in this country does not, at this moment, divide upon party policy so much as upon party character. People ask themselves whether Democratic ascendency is so sure a guarantee of peace and prosperity as Republican; and they answer the question, not by comparing certain political theories, but by looking at the facts.

And the importance of one fact can not be overestimated. There is a very general and a very sound conviction that in this country, of so great extent and of so various population, where the people directly govern, there is no real or permanent security except in general intelligence, and a careful regard for all the forms as well as all the rights of freedom. When, therefore, a great party is seen allying itself with ignorance, and pandering to religious prejudice and ecclesiastical ambition, it is judged by those facts, and not by what is very well described as gab. For if the opinion of the country were influenced by party platforms, it would be only perplexed between the finest professions of the loftiest virtue upon both sides. And it is this consideration which disposes of what may be called the personal argument. There are, undoubtedly, rascals in the Republican ranks, and able and honest men among the Democrats; but individuals disappear before great tendencies. It will not be denied, for instance, that Mr. CHARLES O'CONOR, who seems to be now accepted as the ideal Democrat, is a man of high character and ability; but it is evident to every body who chooses to look that it is Mr. WILLIAM M. TWEED who has long been the Democratic dictator in New York, and that even now, in the full, foul glare of the Tammany frauds, Mr. CHARLES O'CONOR can not persuade a Democratic Convention to recognize an honest delegation against Mr. TWEED's will.

The Albany *Argus* is very angry with what it calls our malicious perversions of fact in regard to the Democratic party, which, it declares, for sixty years before the rebellion almost constantly controlled the government, made the great territorial acquisitions, fought the foreign wars and paid the consequent debts, and by wise legislation encouraged the growth of material prosperity. Without stopping to remind the *Argus* that the Democratic party, as we know it, properly began with General JACKSON, it is undeniable that the great governmental dogma of that party was State rights so asserted as to furnish the justification of secession, and that for a generation before the war the chief policy and purpose of the party were the protection of slavery. Two consequences followed: fidelity to the Union was destroyed wherever the Democratic party had undisputed control; and the appeals to ignorance and hate, made necessary by the infamous purpose of the party, debauched and demoralized the public mind.

Then came the war, which but for the Democratic theory and policy would have been impossible. The *Argus* affects to think it a foolish slander that the Democrats obstructed or retarded the suppression of the rebellion. It might as well affect to believe that the Tories of '76 were not hostile to the Revolution. If an old Tory was a Son of Liberty, we agree that the Copperheads were loyal. The *Argus* is in the councils of its party. It knows what was hoped when Mr. SEYMOUR was elected Governor of New York during the war, and the country knows what the Democratic National Convention declared in 1864.

If the Democratic party wishes to monopolize the glory of the Mexican and Indian wars, and of slave-hun... in the Free States, it shall have it all. But the truth remains that the present Democratic party is the same party which preached State sovereignty and protected slavery; which resisted emancipation, equal civil rights, and equal suffrage; which declared for surrender during the war, and for repudiation after it; whose chief leaders in the Southern States are the bitterest of unrepentant rebels, and whose most powerful organization in the country—that of Tammany Hall—is identified with the most monstrous corruption in our history, and is yet able to control the State Convention of its party. This is the Democratic party with which the country deals to-day, and it is because such a party has justly forfeited the confidence of intelligent and honest men that it is so generally deserted and condemned.

The New Departure was merely an effort of the Democratic party to escape its own identity, and to become a new party. But a sinner does not become a saint by changing his shirt. If the results of the war were to be accepted, and the policy of the settlement maintained, the question between the two parties became one of administration merely. Which would be more faithful to the settlements, and the more economical and honest? Was it probably the party of slavery and the rebellion, of repudiation, of the ecclesiastical hostility to the public school system, and of the Tammany frauds? That is the question which the country is answering at every election, and to which it is preparing its answer for 1872.

THE SILVER LINING OF THE CLOUD.

THE silver lining of the black Chicago cloud is evident. It is the response of this country and of England to the catastrophe that has befallen the great and prosperous city. While the fire was yet burning, meetings of sympathizing crowds assembled in the largest cities and little towns, and every railroad in the country was bearing succor to the suffering, and the lightning of the telegraph could not speak swiftly enough the promises of aid. If the calamity is unprecedented, the spirit it evokes is ennobling. There was but one feeling. It was not a Western city that was stricken, nor certain interests that were threatened, but it was friends and brothers who were suffering. That was the universal emotion. The grief of Chicago is the sorrow of the country, and private citizens and public bodies are rivals in generosity. All the admiration and wonder and pride which the busy and thriving city—the miracle of the West—awakened were as poor, compared with the spontaneous sympathy which followed its destruction, as the ashes and the ruins measured with the beautiful and stately buildings of the city.

The skill to deal with the first aspect of the emergency, that of physical relief, will not be wanting; and that of reorganizing industry and rebuilding the city is sure. Fire nor flood can quench the indomitable spirit that made Chicago, and will remake it greater than before. Already the same genius and energy which looked at its site thirty and forty years ago, and foresaw the city that we knew, is undoubtedly studying the wilderness of ruin now and calmly forecasting the future. Moreover, that so immense a destruction of actual wealth does not more seriously cripple the activity or affect the courage of the country, is an inspiring proof both of its sound condition and of its cheerful confidence. The cloud is indeed black and terrible: since the war no event has so startled and saddened the nation. But the dark brightened even in the very first moment of our consciousness of it, and almost instantly the brightness had conquered the gloom.

What practical lessons we shall learn from the calamity in regard to security of building, we have yet to ascertain. That a city of brick and stone upon the edge of a lake should be destroyed by fire, seems to accuse our mechanical skill. Some engineer will resolve that it shall not happen again, and he will keep his resolution. The city that raised itself from the prairie, that turned a river backward, and although almost below the level of the lake, drained itself thoroughly, that drew to itself with fabulous skill the clearest water, that made highways under its river, and that sought new impossibilities to smile them away, is not a city that calamity can daunt or fire twice destroy. But it is not the future of Chicago that now appeals to us; it is its homeless, suffering people. We may imagine the utmost wretchedness, and yet fail to picture the simple truth. Indeed, this is the moment for the hand, as well as the heart. The land is answering the young man's question, "Who is my neighbor?" as the Master himself answered it; and no American had ever more right to be proud of his country than at the moment when it is soothing the suffering of Chicago and correcting the corruption of New York.

PRESIDENT WHITE AND THE SYRACUSE CONVENTION.

Now that the excitement which attended the Syracuse Convention has somewhat subsided, and our party friends of whatever sympathy are better able to judge dispassionately, there is one point to which we wish to draw attention. The President of the Convention, ANDREW D. WHITE, of Cornell University, is known in this State and elsewhere as of the most spotless character, and as a man who would no more condescend to unworthy political intrigues than to any other kind of dishonor. But in the heat of the conflict, on the very morning after the Convention, the *Tribune* declared that, much as it had loved and honored Mr. WHITE, it was constrained to say that he had allowed himself to be an agent in committing an outrage of which no respectable presiding officer was ever before guilty. Such words of such a man as ANDREW D. WHITE, and addressed to the Republicans of the United States, are, however unjust, a serious misfortune. They leave a momentary shade, if not a sting; and while to those who personally know President WHITE, and who are also friendly to the *Tribune*, but who are not familiar with the facts, they are very painful, to those who do not know him they represent him in the most odious and, as we believe, unjust light. This is the more to be regretted because of Mr. WHITE's connection with the Cornell University, to whose interests he has devoted himself with the utmost earnestness, generosity, sagacity, and success. If he really deserves the judgment of the *Tribune*, it is impossible that the institution over which he presides should not suffer. The blow is, therefore, further reaching than was meant. But we hope to be able to show to our readers, and even to the *Tribune*, which we very well know would not be unfair to Mr. WHITE, that his conduct has been very seriously misrepresented.

Mr. WHITE is known to be friendly to the administration of General GRANT, and he is a personal friend of Senator CONKLING; but his character and his position have inclined him to peace in the party. To this result his private efforts have constantly tended; and it was in the hope of doing his share in promoting harmony that he went to the Convention. In the same spirit he utterly refused to be nominated as temporary chairman until he was assured that both delegations from the city should be admitted to the Convention and equally represented in the State Committee—a course which the Convention subsequently adopted. But when he found that the arrangement proposed was not acceptable to one of the city delegations, he urged strongly, privately and publicly, that the point of regularity should be waived—in which view we certainly heartily agree with him. In the same spirit, and with the most friendly and sincerely impartial purpose, he made his speech upon taking the chair. He counseled harmony, because with all his heart he meant harmony, and was resolved that, so far as lay in his power, harmony should be secured.

But it is stated that in appointing the committees he perpetrated an outrage by virtually excluding the minority. Every body who is practically familiar with the organization of a great political convention in this State knows that the very first duty of a temporary chairman is to appoint certain committees, upon which every part of the State must be represented. There are very few men in the State whose personal knowledge of delegates and of varying opinions within the party is such that they could at once form a proper committee. President WHITE is not a professional politician, and he has not this kind of knowledge. He could not know the personal preferences of the delegates, and to have prepared and submitted a list of proposed members of committees to both sides was plainly impracticable. He therefore did what every chairman does under such circumstances; what the old Whigs and Republicans always did; what, undoubtedly, Mr. POTTER did at the Rochester Democratic Convention: he advised with friends whom he believed to be thoroughly trustworthy, and appointed committees composed of delegates whom he believed to be fair men, and not unreasonable partisans of either side. Even had he done no more than look for some Senatorial label upon each member, he must, by all good Parliamentary practice, have given the greater number upon the committees to what is called the majority; and in that case is it probable that any other report would have been presented than the one which was adopted? We regret with the chairman and with the *Tribune* that the point of regularity was not waived in the report. But the opinion of the Convention was plainly expressed after a fair debate; and if the Convention erred, we do not think that the chairman is to be blamed.

So, in the rulings of the chairman, the Convention will bear witness that he decided almost every point, if not every one, in favor of the retiring delegates, including some, perhaps technically correct, which were raised against their right to be heard. Indeed, Mr. RUFUS F. ANDREWS, who subsequently vigorously denounced the chairman, thanked him openly in the Convention for his fairness, declaring that he was the first one who had given him (Mr. ANDREWS) a fair chance. And when the delegation from the city had retired, the chairman stretched all his authority to delay putting a motion to recognize the other delegation as the only legitimate representation from the city, until it was withdrawn, and a motion was made to adjourn in the hope of an adjustment in the morning. On the second day of the Convention the chairman refused to consider the retiring delegation as permanently withdrawn, and directed their names to be called upon every question.

We can not agree with the *Tribune* that this is a dishonorable record. We are very sure, indeed, that no one who really knows President WHITE believes that his conduct was unworthy himself. Happily, spotless character is still an impenetrable armor. There is, indeed, no need for him personally to break the silence which he has maintained, relying upon the *Tribune's* sense of justice, upon the candor of those of every party and every sect to whom he is no stranger, and upon the scrutiny of the constituency of his life-long neighbors which he has before served as a representative. But those who do not doubt may yet have been so pained by the sharp censure of the *Tribune* as to be glad of these few words of explanation.

A FRUITLESS DENIAL.

THERE is no doubt that there are many honest Democrats who are as sincerely hostile to the Tammany Ring as Republicans; but it does not follow that the Tammany Ring did not exclude the honest city Democratic delegation from the Rochester Convention. If that Convention of the Democratic party of the State had resolved that the party should repudiate Tammany, why did it not begin the work in the only conclusive manner—namely, by seating the reform delegation? No Democrat will deny that the city of New York was unrepresented in the Convention; nor can he deny what the records show, that it was unrepresented because the Convention passed a resolution which Tammany introduced. That is what the Republican journals mean by the triumph of Tammany at Rochester. The Convention did not exclude the Tammany delegation, but suffered that to exclude the reform delegation. All the newspaper frenzy in the world does not change that fact. And whoever supports the Rochester nominations, supports a party which refused to defy Tammany.

It is true that the Convention adopted Mr. CASSIDY's resolution changing the basis of "regularity" in the city. But that is a provision for the future, and the contest before the Convention was of to-day. The Convention—the supreme authority of the party—instead of declaring that vast and intolerable corruption should not under any circumstances be considered regular, admitted that it was regular, deprived the honest part of the party in the city of all voice in its councils, and did not, by its resolution, pronounce against the regularity of the local nominations which Tammany would make. Moreover, the temper of the Convention was shown in the State nominations. It was evident that the party in the State came to Rochester mainly intent upon the renomination of the old officers, who were acceptable to Tammany, and who were first nominated when its ascendency was undisputed. It was clear, also, that the difficulty in the city was regarded by the rural delegates as a fight of factions, like the old Tammany and Mozart quarrels. And as Tammany has kept in its liberal pay a horde of Democratic politicians throughout the State, whose business was to control the primaries and secure Tammany delegations, those delegates were not

at all disposed to bite the hand that fed them.

It is the merest folly, therefore, for honest Democrats to deny that the action of the Convention showed sympathy with Tammany. It is possible that, in the face of the storm of popular wrath against the Ring, even the delegates in its pay might have thought it unwise to admit the Tammany delegation had it demanded seats. But that was evidently a question of policy only; and when Tammany itself waived the claim, the Convention not only did not question it, but meekly accepted the course which Tammany dictated, because, as we said last week, it did not dare to defy the Ring. The reform delegation, in its address, thinks that a partial success was gained. But the vital point of the contest was whether the reform sentiment was strong enough to cut loose from Tammany, by seating the reform delegation, and nominating candidates who would co-operate in the most stringent measures against the Ring. Upon this point the reformers were totally routed.

Of course every good citizen is glad to see that the reform delegation is disposed to recommend great independence in voting. Mr. TILDEN declared that he should vote against Mr. TWEED's candidates, and if that was irregularity, the Ring might make the most of it. There are a great many of his party who agree with Mr. TILDEN; and there must, therefore, be but two tickets in the city—that of honest men and that of Tammany. The grounds of union, of course, at any particular point, must be the relative strength of the parties. Reform Democrats will hardly claim that because the city is Democratic when the party is united, it would necessarily be effectively so when the party is divided. And if they insist that the necessity of overthrowing Tammany precedes all other questions, they will, of course, be ready to support Republicans for that purpose wherever in any district the Republican strength is greater than their own. Upon this point honest and earnest men of both parties will not differ; and we have a right to expect that, for the first time in many years, the election in the city of New York will be a contest of honest men and knaves.

SIGNS OF THE TIMES.

THERE have been for some time rumors of a new political combination, by which certain disaffected Republicans should unite with the Democrats, and nominate a new candidate for the Presidency upon a platform of specific reform. The latest form of the rumor is that Judge DAVID DAVIS, of the Supreme Court of the United States, is to be the man, and that Senator HENDRICKS, of Indiana, the most probable Democratic candidate, is warmly supporting the project. This seems hardly probable so far as the Senator is concerned, for Mr. HOFFMAN having disappeared from the field, there seems to be really no proper Democratic competitor of Mr. HENDRICKS; and it would argue a high degree of self-sacrifice if he should withdraw for the new candidate of a coalition. That such a coalition has been projected is, however, not a secret. It has been thought that Mr. SCHURZ and the Western Germans, General COX and his friends in Ohio, the Republican revenue reformers, and the discontented at large would not be unwilling to ally themselves in a new movement. That they would take the field, however, as a third party has not been supposed. The expectation has been that some ground of union would be found with the Democrats.

It is for this very reason, however, that no such movement will probably be made. The Democrats are very willing that discontented Republicans should join them under any pretense whatever. But neither Mr. VALLANDIGHAM, the most orthodox, nor Mr. JOHN QUINCY ADAMS, the most heterodox of Democrats, has ever proposed that the party should be fused in a new organization. It might change its professions, but it must remain the old Democratic party. The alternative before the country would then be merely the Democratic party plus a certain number of Republicans, and the Republican party; and that is an alternative which neither Mr. SCHURZ nor any of the Western Republicans are likely to offer. That is to say, that the moment for a new party has not arrived; and the opinion of the country undoubtedly is that there is more prospect of desirable reform in continued Republican dominance than in the risk of Democratic success.

That some of the Democratic leaders would be very glad of a new combination by which the party might seem to clear itself of its traditions, is very possible. There were such in 1868, and then, as now, they looked to the Supreme bench and to an old Republican for a candidate. But a party logic which those leaders did not comprehend frustrated, as it always will frustrate, their most sagacious plans. Mr. CHASE was a commanding figure, but the inevitable question was, "Who is INGERSOLL'S Co.?" It would be the same now. Judge DAVIS is an excellent man—very excellent. But who is behind Judge DAVIS? And *what* is behind Judge DAVIS? A contemplative and curious public, which has been a good deal agitated during the last dozen years, would certainly ask such questions. And when it beheld the familiar form, unchanged in all but name, the inquisitive public would probably smile. Mr. SCHURZ is one of the Republicans who have inspired great expectations in the Democratic breast. But he says that he prefers the Republican party to the Democratic. He is, indeed, a revenue reformer. Then you belong with us, say the receptive Democrats. He is a civil service reformer. That is our hobby, murmur the same gentlemen. And so with every point. But they do not say, "Let us each leave our party, and form a new one."

These rumors are only signs of the extremity to which the Democratic party is reduced. They belong to the category of the New Departure. They are, in a word, dodges. Certainly, so far as can be seen, there is great general satisfaction with Republican rule; and the conviction becomes more profound that it will be continued, and under the same auspices. The full Republican strength of the country will undoubtedly support the Republican candidate next year; and it is an honest feeling in the mass of the party, wholly independent of official influences, that the President will be the candidate. The power of patronage is great, and it has been often abused. It is alleged that it is abused by the President now for his own purposes. But even were this to be admitted to the utmost—were it true, as is sometimes asserted, that General GRANT uses his patronage solely to secure his renomination—it would be in vain without the confidence of the party at large. JOHN TYLER and ANDREW JOHNSON were as unscrupulous in the abuse of patronage as any men could be; but to what result? It is said in New York, for instance, that the Custom-house controlled the Syracuse Convention, and that after Mr. CONKLING'S speech no delegate who was an office-holder dared to record his name for the compromise of Mr. WARD, and that thus the Convention was virtually coerced by patronage to the support of the Administration. But even supposing that to be true, is it seriously questioned that General GRANT would be the candidate of the majority in any truly representative body of New York Republicans?

It is because of that general confidence, which every man may privately test for himself among his Republican friends, that the President will be the candidate of the party, although there are individual Republicans of the highest character who may regret it. We remember very well that as late as January, 1864—four months before Mr. LINCOLN'S renomination—we were told by the ablest and honestest of party friends that it was madness to renominate a man under whom every thing "drifted." But as Mr. LINCOLN said of the whisky which General GRANT was reported to drink, that he would like to send some to the other Generals, so, if "drifting" produces such results as we have seen, let us drift further. As the time approaches for the nomination we shall be surprised if there is not much the same unanimity as in the National Conventions of 1864 and 1868. And the Republican candidate will not take the field against a new party, but against the familiar old INGERSOLL & Co.

☞ In the next number of HARPER'S WEEKLY we shall devote a large proportion of our space to illustrations of the GREAT FIRE IN CHICAGO, drawn from photographs and sketches by our special artists, taken on the spot while the smoke of the conflagration still hung over the smouldering embers. The pictures will include several panoramic views showing the complete desolation of the city, and scenes and incidents of the fire.

PERSONAL.

MR. SEWARD had one of those home welcomes on the 12th inst. which his neighbors always give him when he returns from a long absence; and, as usual, he made them an appropriate little speech. He told them that this time they met not to part again, and that he only went away last year because at that time "rest was rust." "I have," said he, "seen not all the nations, but some of the nations of every race on the earth. I have looked the whole human family in the face, taken by the hand and conversed with my fellow-man in his lowest degradation and in his highest stages of civilization. I have found no nation so distant and no race so low that the character of an American citizen did not secure to me not merely safety, but also respect, consideration, and affection." Mr. SEWARD can scarcely be said to have made a private journey around the globe, for, from the day he left San Francisco to the day of his departure from Europe, it was, in all essential points, a royal progress.

—Brooklyn has some men notable alike for pluck and liberality. When their Common Council met last week, and it was proposed that the city should send $100,000 to Chicago, it was found that a little delay would be necessary in order to go through with the requisite forms in the Council. Thereupon Mayor KALBFLEISCH and Judge M'CUE, thinking that the poor people of Chicago might meanwhile be suffering for food, resolved to give their personal checks for $50,000 each, and meet the emergency. In this city the number of ten-thousand and five-thousand dollar subscriptions is quite creditable. The Stock Exchange gives $50,000. Among the tens are HENRY CLEWS, WILLIAM E. DODGE, the Singer Manufacturing Company, ROBERT BONNER, JAY COOKE & Co., FISK & HATCH, H. B. CLAFLIN & Co., VERMILYE & Co., Equitable Life-Insurance Co., Adams Express Co. Among the five-thousand-dollar subscriptions are DUNCAN, SHERMAN, & Co., Bank of Commerce, DENNISTOUN & Co., GARNER & Co., C. P. HUNTINGTON, New York Life-Insurance Co., North American Life-Insurance Co., Fifth Avenue Hotel ($7000), A. BELMONT, the BARINGS, the ROTHSCHILDS, BROWN, SHIPLEY, & Co. In Boston: Northern Dispatch Freight Line, WILLIAM GRAY, JORDAN, MARSH, & Co., C. F. HOVEY & Co., H. H. HUNNEWELL & SONS, KIDDER, PEABODY, & Co., GEORGE C. RICHARDSON. But the crowning honor of all the individual subscriptions belongs to A. T. STEWART, whose donation of $50,000 stands out by itself in the annals of benevolence to sufferers by fire.

—DU CHAILLU has already been distinguished for having the *entrée* to the highest society of whatever country he may happen to be in. In the interior of Africa he was on terms of "respectful tenderness" with the most select of the De Gorillas, and with the various thinly clad emperors who roast themselves and their victims under the equator. In England the oldest and toughest geographers, as well as literary, philosophical, and political notabilities, had him at their houses, like one of the family; and as for the ladies—the *young* ladies—there really never was such a man! At last dates he was in Sweden, where the king had "gone for him," and where noblemen gave themselves up wholly to his racy, sparkling talk; his real energies, meanwhile, being privately bent upon the preparation of a work on Norway, Sweden, and Lapland, soon to be published by the HARPERS.

—General WADE HAMPTON, one of the few men who led the leaders of the South during the rebellion, is so feeble from nervous prostration that his friends fear he can not recover. His wife also lies very low from a late attack of paralysis.

—Judge LAMONT, who has received the Republican nomination for Judge of the Supreme Court in the Eighth Judicial District, and whose election follows as a matter of course, has already served a brief term on the bench, and is much respected by the bar and people of the district. He succeeds Judge RICHARD P. MARVIN, who has now served two terms of eight years each on the bench, and who had previously served the people of Chautauqua in the State Legislature, and represented them in Congress from 1837 to 1841.

—Minister CATACAZY denies indignantly the reports of his having spoken disrespectfully of Secretary FISH or Mrs. FISH. He says that those reports are calumnies that have been intentionally and systematically circulated by a foreign minister who was at his table. Nevertheless, the extreme position which Mr. FISH and the President have assumed toward him vindicates the opinion that Mr. CATACAZY has certainly done something to justify the demand for his prompt recall to Russia.

—Mr. BUTT, who has lately come forward in Ireland as a "Home Rule" advocate, was formerly, like Mr. GLADSTONE, a Tory of the Tories. He is, in point of practice, the leader of the Irish bar, and a man of marked ability. In one respect he is thoroughly Irish—getting into debt.

—JUAREZ, who has just been re-elected President of Mexico, is partly, if not wholly, of Indian blood, but he has done more for the pacification of Mexico than any Spanish American. He is a man more substantial than brilliant. He has much common-sense, and appears to be inspired with a desire to uplift his unhappy country. Mexico, however, is in any thing but a state of repose. She is as much infested with rebels and robbers as ever.

—An American gentleman who has recently visited Mr. RUSKIN says he is now busying himself with the foundation of a separate mastership for the teaching of drawing at the University of Oxford—the establishment of a sort of little Brook Farm, or Utopia, for English working-men. A man better and purer than Mr. RUSKIN does not exist, but there is no man more crotchety, and there are few men more wrong-headed. Physical weakness and domestic misfortune will account, perhaps, for many of the whimsies and perversities of RUSKIN'S career. Apart from his own special domain of art criticism he is never to be relied upon. He sometimes seems more like an idiot than a sane and highly cultivated man. He has, indeed, the oddest and the rarest faculty for drawing perfectly wild conclusions from the plainest and most obvious facts. But he has done great service in his day; in no wise more than in endeavoring to induce people to open their eyes and look at nature.

—For five-and-thirty years Mr. FRANKLIN CHASE has filled the office of United States consul at Tampico. He has sold out his large interests there, and comes back, replete with wealth and honor, to enjoy such pleasures and comforts as are obtainable by persons having character and cash.

—For full forty years the name of HENRY A. WISE has been as frequently before the public, in one way or another, as that of any man in Virginia. His last public effort is a letter to the people of the South, maintaining that their first want is to have reliable and exact information diffused in Europe in reference to Southern territory and population, to the end that European capitalists, farmers, and laborers may come in and occupy the land. Governor WISE is now sixty-five years old. He entered Congress in 1833, and served until 1844, when he went as minister to Brazil, and remained until 1847. In 1843 he was nominated minister to France, but as the Senate did not confirm him, he kept on in Congress. From 1855 to 1860 he was Governor of Virginia, and in the rebellion served as a brigadier-general. As a warrior he was not a success. No man was ever more enthusiastically devoted to the honor and interest of his State than Governor WISE; and although regarded by many as a hot-tempered and somewhat erratic man, yet in private life he was always irreproachable.

—Dean HOWSON, who has been received with so much cordiality by the Episcopal clergy of this country, and who, with Bishop SELWYN, was honored with special courtesies at the opening of the General Convention of the Episcopal Church at Baltimore, just before leaving Chester addressed the people in the cathedral to the effect that the cathedral had been the subject of especial interest to Americans. They would probably be surprised if they knew all that he could tell them on that point. Not far from where he then stood was a monument to a Governor of New York; in the chapter-house was a memorial of the battles fought between the English and the Americans; and in the north transept was a monument to their most noted bishop, the erection of which was set on foot in America. There was a constant stream of American visitors to the cathedral. When, therefore, they were doing their best to carry out the objects of the cathedral system, they were fostering among the Americans a feeling of respect for the English Church.

—The three persons who just now happen to be filling the theatrical and operatic eye of New York—Miss CUSHMAN, CHARLES MATHEWS, and THEODORE WACHTEL—are each more than sixty years of age; and each "draws like sixty."

—In connection with the visit of the Russian Grand Duke may be mentioned a pleasant trifle of gossip in circulation in Washington, to the effect that a young scion of the Russian nobility managed to run away from home some eighteen or twenty years ago, and in his wanderings reached America. Here he got out of money, and was reduced to the utmost extremity, being compelled to sell the few valuables he had to get bread—having no letters, and being a stranger in a strange land. In want, and almost in rags, the prodigal was desirous of returning home, and in desperation threw himself on the kindness of a lady whom he had met in society. Having but little ready money, she gave him a valuable jewel, which he was to dispose of and use the proceeds. Full of gratitude, the young man departed, vowing that should he reach his home she should be amply compensated. Several years passed and the lady heard nothing of him. At length one day a package reached her through the Russian legation at Washington, containing a set of fine emeralds, and cape and muff of magnificent furs, with an autograph letter from the Russian she had aided, stating that he had reached his home, and was now in a situation to acknowledge the debt he owed her. Here the matter ended. This lady is the mother of several blooming daughters, and is quite in a flutter of late by discovering that her Russian *protégé* has, through the death of those near to him, become the owner of titles and estates, and, further, that he is one of the suit of the Grand Duke ALEXIS. Who knows what may come of it? say the quidnuncs.

—The readers of the publications of HARPER & BROTHERS may be interested to know that ANTHONY TROLLOPE has arrived at Melbourne, having written an entirely new novel on the voyage. After he has visited all the British colonies in Australia, he will return to Europe by way of San Francisco and New York.

—At the great age of ninety-four the father of Mr. JOHN B. GOUGH has been gathered to his fathers. His decease took place at Upper Holloway, a suburb of London, September 24. He had been confined to his room for only three weeks prior to his death.

DOMESTIC INTELLIGENCE.

THE work of reconstructing Chicago has already begun. Many of the merchants have made arrangements for clearing off the ruins from their lots, and commencing the erection of new buildings. A thorough system for distributing the money, food, and clothing which have been sent from almost every part of the world has been organized, so that none shall be unwisely or unworthily expended. The Mayor on Saturday, October 14, issued a proclamation setting forth that order and security of life were restored, and that all the sufferers by the fire were sheltered and provided with food. He, however, says that vast numbers will be wholly dependent on the benevolence of their fellow-creatures for food and shelter during the coming winter. The dispatches indicate that the prospects for the revival of business grow brighter every day. The banks, it is estimated, will be in a condition to realize three-fourths of their loans.

The State elections in Ohio and Pennsylvania, October 10, resulted in substantial Republican victories. In the former State the Democrats were defeated by a majority of over 25,000, while the Legislature is estimated to be Republican on joint ballot by twelve to fifteen majority. In Pennsylvania the Republican majority was over 10,000.

The fires consequent on the prolonged drought in Northern Michigan, Wisconsin, Minnesota, and Western Canada were at last accounts still raging, with fearful destruction to lives and property. Forests, farm-houses, and villages are swept away, and the people who are burned to death or die of privation are counted by hundreds. The town of Windsor, Ontario, was partially destroyed. The loss in this town is estimated at over $150,000.

Another foolish and wicked raid upon Canadian territory in the Red River country was recently made by the Fenian "General" O'Neil. The vagabonds were pursued by United States soldiers and captured. The leaders are supposed to have relied on support from the French half-breeds. They have also been intriguing with the laborers on the Northern Pacific Railway. A raid at another point is spoken of, and every able-bodied man in the province is under arms.

FOREIGN NEWS.

PRESIDENT THIERS has announced to the Legislative Committee the signing of the Customs Treaty for Alsace and Lorraine, which recognizes the principle of reciprocity, stipulates that the fourth half milliard of the indemnity shall be paid before the end of March next, that evacuation shall begin a fortnight after the treaty is ratified, and that Germany shall cede to France a small strip of territory.

A majority of the members elected to the French Chambers are supporters of the present administration, and friendly to the President. About one-ninth of the number returned are Bonapartists.

It is asserted that many congregations of Roman Catholic orders are about to leave Rome for England and America, to found convents.

Political excitement is on the increase in Spain.

A treaty regulating consular relations and guaranteeing trade-marks is about to be concluded between North Germany, Great Britain, and the United States.

CHICAGO IN FLAMES—THE RUSH FOR LIFE OVER RANDOLPH-STREET BRIDGE.—From a Sketch by John R. Chapin.—[See Page 1010.]

OCTAVIUS V. CATTO.—[Photographed by Messrs. Broadbent & Phillips, Philadelphia.]

OCTAVIUS V. CATTO.

We give on this page the portrait of Mr. Octavius V. Catto, a worthy colored citizen of Philadelphia, who was shot by a ruffian on the night of the late election in that city. He was master of the Institute for Colored Youth, and was highly esteemed by all who knew him. Shortly after three o'clock on election day, having closed his school, he was quietly proceeding homeward, when he was rudely accosted by a white man, who leveled a pistol at his head. Mr. Catto endeavored to pass on, taking advantage of the shelter afforded by a passing street-car, but was again accosted by the same ruffian, who then fired at him three times. One ball took effect in his left breast, passing through the heart; another struck him in the left shoulder. He fell immediately. Several citizens carried him into a station-house, where he died a few minutes afterward. Mr. Catto was a quiet, well-educated man, and the murder was entirely unprovoked.

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POOR MISS FINCH.

A Domestic Story.

By WILKIE COLLINS,

Author of "The Woman in White," "No Name," "The Moonstone," "Man and Wife," etc.

WITH ORIGINAL ILLUSTRATIONS.

CHAPTER THE TWENTY-FOURTH.

HE SEES LUCILLA.

The first impression which Poor Miss Finch produced on Nugent Dubourg was precisely the same as the first impression which she had produced on me.

"Good Heavens!" he cried. "The Dresden Madonna! The Virgin of San Sisto!"

Lucilla had already heard from me of her extraordinary resemblance to the chief figure in Raphael's renowned picture. Nugent's blunt outburst of recognition passed unnoticed by her. She stopped short, in the middle of the room—startled, the instant he spoke, by the extraordinary similarity of his tone and accent to the tone and accent of his brother's voice.

"Oscar," she asked, nervously, "are you behind me? or in front of me?" Oscar laughed, and answered "Here!"—speaking behind her. She turned her head toward the place in front of her, from which Nugent had spoken. "Your voice is wonderfully like Oscar's," she said, addressing him timidly. "Is your face exactly like his face too? May I judge for myself of the likeness between you? I can only do it in one way—by my touch."

Oscar advanced, and placed a chair for his brother by Lucilla's side.

"She has eyes in the tips of her fingers," he said. "Sit down, Nugent, and let her pass her hand over your face."

Nugent obeyed him in silence. Now that the first impression of surprise had passed away, I observed that a marked change was beginning to assert itself in his manner.

Little by little, an unnatural constraint got possession of him. His fluent tongue found nothing to talk about. His easy movements altered in the strangest way until they almost became the movements of a slow, awkward man. He was more like his brother than ever, as he sat down in the chair to submit himself to Lucilla's investigation. She had produced, at first sight—as well as I could judge—some impression on him for which he had not been prepared; causing some mental disturbance in him which he was for the moment quite unable to control. His eyes looked up at her, spell-bound; his color came and went; his breath quickened audibly when her fingers touched his face.

"What's the matter?" said Oscar, looking at him in surprise.

"Nothing is the matter," he answered, in the low absent tone of a man whose mind was secretly pursuing its own train of thought.

Oscar said no more. Once, twice, three times Lucilla's hand passed slowly over Nugent's face. He submitted to it silently, gravely, immovably—a perfect contrast to the talkative, lively young man of half an hour since. Lucilla employed a much longer time in examining him than she had occupied in examining me.

While the investigation was proceeding, I had leisure to think again over what had passed between Nugent and me on the subject of Lucilla's blindness before she entered the room. My mind had by this time recovered its balance. I was able to ask myself what this young fellow's daring idea was really worth. Was it within the range of possibility that a sense so delicate as the sense of sight, lost for one-and-twenty years, could be restored by any means short of a miracle? It was monstrous to suppose it: the thing could not be. If there had been the faintest chance of giving my poor dear back the blessing of sight, that chance would have been tried by competent persons years and years since. I was ashamed of myself for having been violently excited at the moment by the new thought which Nugent had started in my mind; I was honestly indignant at his uselessly disturbing me with the vainest of all vain hopes. The one wise thing to do in the future, was to caution this flighty and inconsequent young man to keep his mad notion about Lucilla to himself—and to dismiss it from my own thoughts at once and forever.

Just as I arrived at that sensible resolution, I was recalled to what was going on in the room by Lucilla's voice, addressing me by my name.

"The likeness is wonderful," she said. "Still, I think I can find a difference between them."

(The only difference between them was in the contrast of complexion and in the contrast of manner—both these being dissimilarities which appealed more or less directly to the eye.)

"What difference do you find?" I asked.

She slowly came toward me, with an anxious, perplexed face, pondering as she advanced.

"I can't explain it," she answered, after a long silence.

When Lucilla left him, Nugent rose from his chair. He abruptly—almost roughly—took his brother's hand. He spoke to his brother in a strangely excited, feverish, headlong way.

"My dear fellow, now I have seen her, I congratulate you more heartily than ever. She is charming; she is unique. Oscar! I could almost envy you, if you were any one else!"

Oscar was radiant with delight. His brother's opinion ranked above all human opinions in his estimation. Before he could say a word in return, Nugent left him as abruptly as he had approached him; walking away by himself to the window—and standing there, looking out.

Lucilla had not heard him. She was still pondering, with the same perplexed face. The likeness between the twins was apparently weighing on her mind—an unsolved problem that vexed and irritated it. Without any thing said by me to lead to resuming the subject, she returned obstinately to the assertion that she had just made.

"I tell you again I am sensible of a difference between them," she repeated—"though you don't seem to believe me."

I interpreted this uneasy reiteration as meaning that she was rather trying to convince herself than to convince me. In her blind condition it was doubly and trebly embarrassing not to know one brother from the other. I understood her unwillingness to acknowledge this—I felt (in her position) how it would have irritated *me*. She was waiting—impatiently waiting—for me to say something on my side. I am, as you know already, an indiscreet woman. I innocently said one of my rash things.

"I believe whatever you tell me, my dear," I answered. "You can find out a difference between them, I have no doubt. Still, I own I should like to see it put to the proof."

Her color rose. "How?" she asked, abruptly.

"Try your touch alternately on both their faces," I suggested, "without knowing beforehand which position they each of them occupy. Make three trials—leaving them to change their places or not, between each trial, just as they please. If you guess which is which correctly three times following, there will be the proof that you can really lay your hand on a difference between them."

Lucilla shrank from accepting the challenge. She drew back a step, and silently shook her head. Nugent, who had overheard me, turned round suddenly from the window, and supported my proposal.

"A capital notion!" he burst out. "Let's try it! You don't object, Oscar—do you?"

"I object?" cried Oscar, amazed at the bare idea of his opposing any assertion of his will to the assertion of his brother's will. "If Lucilla is willing, I say Yes with all my heart."

The two brothers approached us, arm in arm. Lucilla, very reluctantly, allowed herself to be persuaded into trying the experiment. Two chairs, exactly alike, were placed in front of her. At a sign from Nugent, Oscar silently took the chair on her right. By this arrangement the hand which she had used in touching Nugent's face would be now the hand that she would employ in touching Oscar's face. When they were both seated I announced that we were ready. Lucilla placed her hands on their faces, right and left, without the faintest idea in her mind of the positions which the two relatively occupied.

After first touching them with both hands, and both together, she tried them separately next, beginning with Oscar, and using her right hand only. She left him for Nugent; again using her right hand—then came back to him again—then returned to Nugent—hesitated—decided—tapped Nugent lightly on the head.

"Oscar!" she said.

Nugent burst out laughing. The laugh told her, before any of us could speak, that she had made a mistake at the first attempt.

"Try again, Lucilla," said Oscar, kindly.

"Never!" she answered, angrily stepping back from both of them. "One mystification is enough."

Nugent tried next to persuade her to renew the experiment. She checked him sternly at the first word.

"Do you think, if I won't do it for Oscar," she said, "that I would do it for you? You laughed at me. What was there to laugh at? Your brother's features are your features; your brother's hair is your hair; your brother's height is your height. What is there so very ridiculous—with such a resemblance as that—in a poor blind girl like me mistaking you one for the other? I wish to preserve a good opinion of you, for Oscar's sake. Don't turn me into ridicule again, or I shall be forced to think that your brother's good heart is not yours also!"

Nugent and Oscar looked at each other, petrified by this sudden outbreak; Nugent, of the two, being the most completely overwhelmed by it.

I attempted to interfere and put things right. My easy philosophy and my volatile French nature failed to see any adequate cause for this vehement exhibition of resentment on Lucilla's part. Something in my tone, as I suppose, only added to her irritation. I, in my turn, was checked sternly at the first word. "You proposed it," she said; "you are the most to blame." I hastened to make my apologies (inwardly remarking that the habit of raising a storm in a tea-cup is a growing habit with the rising generation in England). Nugent followed me with more apologies on his side. Oscar supported us with his superior influence. He took Lucilla's hand, kissed it, and whispered something in her ear. The kiss and the whisper acted like a charm. She held out her hand to Nugent; she put her arm round my neck and embraced me with all her own grace and sweetness. "Forgive me," she said to us, gently. "I wish I could learn to be patient. But, oh, Mr. Nugent, it is sometimes *so* hard to be blind!" I can repeat the words; but I can give no idea of the touching simplicity with which they were spoken—of her innocently earnest anxiety to win her pardon. She so affected Nugent that he too—after a look at Oscar which said, "May I?"—kissed the hand that she offered to him. As his lips touched her she started. The bright flush which always indicated the sudden rising of a thought in her mind flew over her face. She unconsciously held Nugent's hand in her own, absorbed in the interest of realizing the new thought. For a moment she stood, still as a statue, consulting with herself. The moment passed, she dropped Nugent's hand and turned brightly to me.

"Will you think me very obstinate?" she asked.

"Why, my love?"

"I am not satisfied yet. I want to try again."

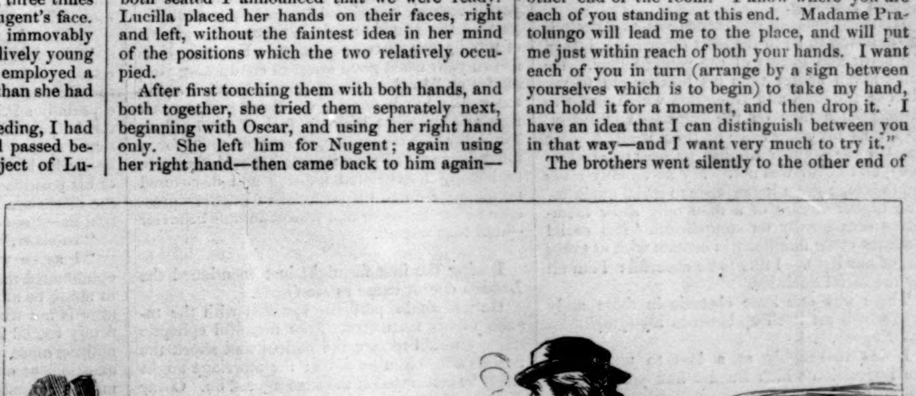
"No! no! At any rate, not to-day."

"I want to try again," she repeated. "Not in your way. In a way of my own that has just come into my head." She turned to Oscar. "Will you humor me in this?" It is needless to set down Oscar's reply. She turned to Nugent. "Will you?"

"Only say what you wish me to do!" he answered.

"Go with your brother," she said, "to the other end of the room. I know where you are each of you standing at this end. Madame Pratolungo will lead me to the place, and will put me just within reach of both your hands. I want each of you in turn (arrange by a sign between yourselves which is to begin) to take my hand, and hold it for a moment, and then drop it. I have an idea that I can distinguish between you in that way—and I want very much to try it."

The brothers went silently to the other end of



"NUGENT WAS SITTING ALONE ON THE LOW WALL IN FRONT OF THE HOUSE, SMOKING A CIGAR."

the room. I led Lucilla, after them, to the place in which they stood. At my suggestion Nugent was the first to take her hand, as she had requested, to hold it for a moment, and then to drop it.

"Nugent!" she said, without the slightest hesitation.

"Quite right," I answered.

She laughed gayly. "Go on! Puzzle me if you possibly can."

The brothers noiselessly changed places. Oscar took her hand, standing exactly where Nugent had stood.

"Oscar!" she said.

"Right again," I told her.

At a sign from Nugent, Oscar took her hand for the second time. She repeated his name. At a sign from me the brothers noiselessly placed themselves one on either side of her—Oscar on the left, Nugent on the right. I gave them the signal, and they each took one of her hands at the same moment. This time she waited a little longer before she spoke. When she did speak she was right once more. She turned, smiling, toward the left side, pointed to him as he stood by her, and said, "Oscar!"

We were all three equally surprised. I examined Oscar's hand and Nugent's hand alternately. Except the fatal difference in the color, they were, to all intents and purposes, the same hands—the same size, the same shape, the same texture of skin; no scar or mark on the hand of one to distinguish it from the hand of the other. By what mysterious process of divination had she succeeded in discovering which was which?

She was unwilling, or unable, to reply to that question plainly.

"Something in me answers to one of them and not to the other," she said.

"What is it?" I asked.

"I don't know. It answers to Oscar. It doesn't answer to Nugent—that's all."

She stopped any further inquiries by proposing that we should finish the evening with some music in her own sitting-room, on the other side of the house. When we were seated together at the piano-forte—with the twin brothers established as our audience at the other end of the room—she whispered in my ear,

"I'll tell *you!*"

"Tell me what?"

"How I know which is which, when they both of them take my hand. When Oscar takes it, a delicious tingle runs from his hand into mine, and steals all over me. I can't describe it any better than that."

"I understand. And when Nugent takes your hand, what do you feel?"

"Nothing!"

"And that is how you found out the difference between them down stairs?"

"That is how I shall always find out the difference between them. If Oscar's brother ever attempts to play tricks upon my blindness (he is quite capable of it—he laughed at my blindness!), that is how I shall find him out. I told you before I saw him that I hated him. I hate him still."

"My dear Lucilla!"

"I hate him still!"

She struck the first chords on the piano with an obstinate frown on her pretty brow. Our little evening concert began.

CHAPTER THE TWENTY-FIFTH.

HE PUZZLES MADAME PRATOLUNGO.

I was far from sharing Lucilla's opinion of Nugent Dubourg.

His enormous self-confidence was, to my mind, too amusing to be in the least offensive. I liked the spirit and gayety of the young fellow. He came much nearer than his brother did to my ideal of the dash and resolution which ought to distinguish a man on the right side of thirty. So far as my experience of them went, Nugent was (in the popular English phrase) good company, and Oscar was not. My nationality leads me to attach great importance to social qualities. The higher virtues of a man only show themselves occasionally on compulsion. His social qualities come familiarly in contact with us every day of our lives. I like to be cheerful: I am all for the social qualities.

There was one little obstacle in those early days which set itself up between my sympathies and Nugent.

I was thoroughly at a loss to understand the impression which Lucilla had produced on him.

The same constraint which had, in such a marked manner, subdued him at his first interview with her, still fettered him in the time when they became better acquainted with one another. He was never in high spirits in her presence. Mr. Finch could talk him down without difficulty if Mr. Finch's daughter happened to be by. Even when he was vaporing about himself, and telling us of the wonderful things he meant to do in Painting, Lucilla's appearance was enough to check him, if she happened to come into the room. On the first day when he showed me his American sketches (I define them, if you ask my private opinion, as false pretenses of Art, by a dashing amateur)—on that day he was in full flow, marching up and down the room, smacking his forehead, and announcing himself quite gravely as "the coming man" in landscape painting. "My mission, Madame Pratolungo, is to reconcile Humanity and Nature. I propose to show (on an immense scale) how Nature (in her grandest aspects) can adapt herself to the spiritual wants of mankind. In your joy or your sorrow Nature has subtile sympathies with you, if you only know where to look for them. My pictures—no! my poems in color—will show you. Multiply my works, as they certainly will be multiplied, by means of prints, and what does Art become in my hands? A Priesthood! In what aspect do I present myself to the public? As a mere landscape painter? No! As Grand Consoler!" In the midst of this rhapsody (how wonderfully he resembled Oscar in *his* bursts of excitement while he was talking!)—in the full torrent of his predictions of his own coming greatness—Lucilla quietly entered the room. The "Grand Consoler" shut up his port-folio, dropped Painting on the spot, asked for Music, and sat down, a model of conventional propriety, in a corner of the room. I inquired afterward why he had checked himself when she came in. "Did I?" he said. "I don't know why." The thing was really inexplicable. He honestly admired her; one had only to notice him when he was looking at her to see it. He had not the faintest suspicion of her dislike for him; she carefully concealed it for Oscar's sake. He felt genuine sympathy for her in her affliction: his mad idea that her sight might yet be restored was the natural offspring of a true feeling for her. He was not unfavorable to his brother's marriage—on the contrary, he ruffled the rector's dignity (he was always giving offense to Mr. Finch) by suggesting that the marriage might be hastened. I heard him say the words myself: "The church is close by. Why can't you put on your surplice and make Oscar happy to-morrow after breakfast?" More even than this, he showed the most vivid interest—like a woman's interest rather than a man's—in learning how the love-affair between Oscar and Lucilla had begun. I referred him, so far as Oscar was concerned, to his brother as the fountain-head of information. He did not decline to consult his brother. He did not own to me that he felt any difficulty in doing so. He simply dropped Oscar in silence, and asked about Lucilla. How had it begun on her side? I reminded him of his brother's romantic position at Dimchurch, and told him to judge for himself of the effect it would produce on the excitable imagination of a young girl. He declined to judge for himself; he persisted in appealing to me. When I told the little love-story of the two young people, one event in it appeared to make a very strong impression on him. The effect produced on Lucilla (when she first heard it) by the sound of his brother's voice dwelt strangely on his mind. He failed to understand it; he ridiculed it; he declined to believe it. I was obliged to remind him that Lucilla was blind, and that love, which, in other cases, first finds its way to the heart through the eyes, could only, in her case, first find its way through the ears. My explanation, thus offered, had its effect: it set him thinking. "The sound of his voice!" he said to himself, still turning the problem over and over in his mind. "People say my voice is exactly like Oscar's," he added, suddenly addressing himself to me; "do you think so too?" I answered that there could be no doubt of it. He got up from his chair with a quick little shudder, like a man who feels a chill, and changed the subject. On the next occasion when he and Lucilla met, so far from being more familiar with her, he was more constrained than ever. As it had begun between these two, so it seemed likely to continue to the end. In my society he was always at his ease; in Lucilla's society, never!

What was the obvious conclusion which a person with my experience ought to have drawn from all this?

I know well enough what it was, now. On my oath, as an honest woman, I failed to see it at the time. We are not always (suffer me to remind you) consistent with ourselves. The cleverest people commit occasional lapses into stupidity—just as the stupid people light up with gleams of intelligence at certain times. You may have shown your usual good sense in conducting your affairs on Monday, Tuesday, and Wednesday in the week; but it doesn't at all follow from this that you may not make a fool of yourself on Thursday. Account for it as you may, for a much longer time than it suits my self-esteem to reckon up I suspected nothing and discovered nothing. I noted his behavior in Lucilla's presence as odd behavior and unaccountable behavior—and that was all.

During the first fortnight just mentioned the London doctor came to see Oscar.

He left again, perfectly satisfied with the results of his treatment. The dreadful epileptic malady would torture the patient and shock the friends about him no more: the marriage might safely be celebrated at the time agreed on. Oscar was cured.

The doctor's visit—reviving our interest in observing the effect of the medicine—also revived the subject of Oscar's false position toward Lucilla. Nugent and I held a debate about it between ourselves. I opened the interview by suggesting that we should unite our forces to persuade his brother into taking the frank and manly course. Nugent neither said Yes nor No to that proposal at the outset. He, who made up his mind at a moment's notice about every thing else, took time to decide on this one occasion.

"There is something that I want to know first," he said. "I want to understand this curious antipathy of Lucilla's, which my brother regards with so much alarm. Can you explain it?"

"Has Oscar attempted to explain it?" I inquired on my side.

"He mentioned it in one of his letters to me; and he tried to explain it, when I asked (on my arrival at Browndown) if Lucilla had discovered the change in his complexion. But he failed entirely to meet my difficulty in understanding the case."

"What is your difficulty?"

"This. So far as I can see, she fails to discover intuitively the presence of dark people in a room, or of dark colors in the ornaments of a room. It is only when *she is told* that such persons or such things are present that her prejudice declares itself. In what state of mind does such a strange feeling as this take its rise? It seems impossible that she can have any conscious associations with colors, pleasant or painful—if it is true that she was blind at a year old. How do you account for it? Can there be such a thing as a purely instinctive antipathy, remaining passive until external influences rouse it, and resting on no sort of practical experience whatever?"

"I think there may be," I replied. "Why, when I was a child just able to walk, did I shrink away from the first dog I saw who barked at me? I could not have known at that age, either by experience or teaching, that a dog's bark is sometimes the prelude to a dog's bite. My terror, on that occasion, was purely instinctive, surely?"

"Ingeniously put," he said. "But I am not satisfied yet."

"You must also remember," I continued, "that she has a positively painful association with dark colors on certain occasions. They sometimes produce a disagreeable impression on her nerves through her sense of touch. She discovered in that way that I had a dark gown on on the day when I first saw her."

"And yet she touches my brother's face, and fails to discover any alteration in it."

I met that objection also—to my own satisfaction, though not to his.

"I am far from sure that she might not have made the discovery," I said, "if she had touched him for the first time since the discoloration of his face. But she examines him now with a settled impression in her mind, derived from previous experience of what she has felt in touching his skin. Allow for the modifying influence of that impression on her sense of touch—and remember, at the same time, that it is the color and not the texture of the skin that is changed—and his escape from discovery becomes, to my mind, intelligible."

He shook his head; he owned he could not dispute my view. But he was not content, for all that.

"Have you made any inquiries," he asked, "about the period of her infancy before she was blind? She may be still feeling, indirectly and unconsciously, the effect of some shock to her nervous system in the time when she could see."

"I have never thought of making inquiries."

"Is there any body within our reach who was familiarly associated with her in the first year of her life? It is hardly likely, I am afraid, at this distance of time."

"There is a person now in the house," I said. "Her old nurse is still living."

"Send for her directly."

Zillah appeared. After first explaining what he wanted with her, Nugent went straight to the inquiry which he had in view.

"Was your young lady ever frightened when she was a baby by any dark person, or any dark thing, suddenly appearing before her?"

"Never, Sir! I took good care to let nothing come near her that could frighten her—so long, poor little thing, as she could see."

"Are you quite sure you can depend on your memory?"

"Quite sure, Sir—when it's a long time ago."

Zillah was dismissed. Nugent—thus far unusually grave and unusually anxious—turned to me with an air of relief.

"When you proposed to me to join you in forcing Oscar to speak out," he said, "I was not quite easy in my mind about the consequences. After what I have just heard, my fear is removed."

"What fear?" I asked.

"The fear of Oscar's confession producing an estrangement between them which might delay the marriage. I am against all delays. I am especially anxious that Oscar's marriage should not be put off. When we began our conversation I own to you I was of Oscar's opinion that he would do wisely to let marriage make him sure of his position in her affections before he risked the disclosure. Now—after what the nurse has told us—I see no risk worth considering."

"In short," I said, "you agree with me."

"I agree with you—though I *am* the most opinionated man living. The chances now seem to me to be all in Oscar's favor. Lucilla's antipathy is not what I feared it was—an antipathy firmly rooted in a constitutional malady. It is nothing more serious," said Nugent, deciding the question, at once and forever, with the air of a man profoundly versed in physiology—"it is nothing more serious than a fanciful growth, a morbid accident, of her blindness. She may live to get over it—she would, I believe, certainly get over it if she could see. In two words, after what I have found out this morning, I say as you say—Oscar is making a mountain out of a mole-hill. He ought to have put himself right with Lucilla long since. I have unbounded influence over him. It shall back your influence. Oscar shall make a clean breast of it before the week is out."

We shook hands on that bargain. As I looked at him—bright and dashing and resolute; Oscar, as I had always wished Oscar to be—I own, to my shame, I privately regretted that we had not met Nugent in the twilight on that evening walk of ours which had opened to Lucilla the gates of a new life.

Having said to each other all that we had to say—our two lovers being away together, at the time, for a walk on the hills—we separated, as I then supposed, for the rest of the day. Nugent went to the inn to look at a stable which he proposed converting into a studio: no room at Browndown being half large enough for the first prodigious picture with which the "Grand Consoler" in Art proposed to astonish the world. As for me, having nothing particular to do, I went out to see if I could meet Oscar and Lucilla on their return from their walk.

Failing to find them, I strolled back by way of Browndown. Nugent was sitting alone on the low wall in front of the house, smoking a cigar. He rose and came to meet me, with his finger placed mysteriously on his lips.

"You mustn't come in," he said; "and you mustn't speak loud enough to be heard." He pointed round the corner of the house to the little room at the side, already familiar to you in these pages. "Oscar and Lucilla are shut up together there. And Oscar is making his confession to her at this moment."

I lifted my hands and eyes in astonishment. Nugent went on:

"I see you want to know how it has all come about. You shall know. While I was looking at the stable (it isn't half big enough for a studio for Me!) Oscar's servant brought me a little pencil note, entreating me, in Oscar's name, to go to him directly at Browndown. I found him waiting out here, dreadfully agitated. He cautioned me (just as I have cautioned you) not to speak loud. For the same reason too. Lucilla was in the house—"

"I thought they had gone out for a walk," I interposed.

"They did go out for a walk. But Lucilla complained of fatigue; and Oscar brought her back to Browndown to rest. Well, I inquired what was the matter. The answer informed me that the secret of Oscar's complexion had forced its way out, for the second time, in Lucilla's hearing."

"Jicks again!" I exclaimed.

"No—not Jicks. Oscar's own man-servant this time."

"How did it happen?"

"It happened through one of the boys in the village. Oscar and Lucilla found the little imp howling outside the house. They asked what was the matter. The imp told them that the servant at Browndown had beaten him. Lucilla was indignant. She insisted on having the thing inquired into. Oscar left her in the drawing-room (unluckily, as it turned out, without shutting the door), called the man up into the passage, and asked what he meant by ill-using the boy. The man answered, 'I boxed his ears, Sir, as an example to the rest of them.' 'What did he do?' 'Rapped at the door, Sir, with a stick (he is not the first who has done it when you are out), and asked if Blue Face was at home.' Lucilla heard every word of it through the open door. Need I tell you what happened next?"

It was quite needless to relate that part of the story. I remembered too well what had happened on the former occasion in the garden.

"I understand," I said. "Of course she insisted on an explanation. Of course Oscar compromised himself by a clumsy excuse, and wanted you to help him. What did you do?"

"What I told you I should do this morning. He had counted confidently on my taking his side—it was pitiable to see him, poor fellow! Still, for his own sake, I refused to yield. I left him the choice of giving her the true explanation himself, or of leaving me to do it. There wasn't a moment to lose; she was in no humor to be trifled with, I can tell you! Oscar behaved very well about it—he always behaves well when I drive him into a corner. In one word, he was man enough to feel that he was the right person to make a clean breast of it—not I. I gave the poor old boy a hug to encourage him, pushed him into the room, shut the door on him, and came out here. He ought to have done it by this time. He *has* done it! Here he comes!"

Oscar ran out, bare-headed, from the house. There were signs of disturbance in him as he approached us, which warned me that something had gone wrong before he opened his lips.

Nugent spoke first.

"What's amiss now?" he asked. "Have you told her the truth?"

"I have tried to tell her the truth."

"Tried? What do you mean?"

Oscar put his arm round his brother's neck, and laid his head on his brother's shoulder, without answering a word.

I put a question to him on my side.

"Did Lucilla refuse to listen to you?" I asked.

"No."

"Has she said any thing, or done any thing—"

He lifted his head from his brother's shoulder, and stopped me before I could finish the sentence.

"You need feel no anxiety about Lucilla. Lucilla's curiosity is satisfied."

"Is she satisfied with *you?*"

He dropped his head back on his brother's shoulder, and answered, faintly, "Perfectly satisfied."

Nugent and I gazed at one another in complete bewilderment. Lucilla had heard it all; Lucilla was on the same good terms with him as ever. He had that incredibly happy result to communicate to us, and he announced it with a look of humiliation, in a tone of despair! Nugent's patience gave way.

"Let us have an end of this mystification," he said, putting Oscar back from him, sharply, at arms-length. "I want a plain answer to a plain question. She knows that the boy knocked at the door and asked if Blue Face was at home. Does she know what the boy's impudence meant? Yes or no?"

"Yes."

"Does she know that it is you who are Blue Face?"

"No."

"No!!! Who else does she think it is?"

As he asked the question Lucilla appeared at the door of the house. She moved her blind face inquiringly first one way, then the other.

"Oscar!" she called out, "why have you left me alone? where are you?"

Oscar turned, trembling, to his brother.

"For God's sake forgive me, Nugent!" he said. "She thinks it's YOU."

SCIENTIFIC INTELLIGENCE.

A REPORT has recently been made to the Legislature of Massachusetts, by Mr. RICHARD L. PEASE, of Edgartown, upon the numbers and present condition of the Indians now occupying the southwestern point of Martha's Vineyard, known as the district of Gay Head, prepared with special reference to the change in the policy of the State concerning these Indians, as well as several other remnants of the descendants of the aboriginal inhabitants. This change consisted in the abolition of the original condition of wardship, and their conversion into citizens having equal privileges with other members of the Commonwealth. This was determined upon not merely on account of the former political anomaly, but because these people are not really Indians in any sense of the word; since, by repeated intermarriages with whites, negroes, Sandwich Islanders, etc., they have been transformed into a mixed race, totally different from the aboriginal inhabitants.

The whole number of the so-called Indians at Gay Head, according to the report, is 237; most of the men being seamen, farmers, and laborers, and a few engaged in mechanical pursuits.

They are an industrious, hard-working community, living in comfortable houses, and as anxious to make money as their neighbors of purer blood. In the original political condition of these people the lands were all held in common; but measures are now being taken to divide them, under the provisions of the act by which Gay Head is made a township.

The herring fisheries of England continue to be very satisfactory for the present season, several stations reporting a larger catch than had ever before been known. In many instances, more fish having been taken than could be cured; in consequence of the want of workmen, and even of salt, hundreds of barrels were lost, used as manure, or thrown away. The accusation brought against the sea-fowl, as materially affecting the supply of herring in consequence of their multiplying so greatly under the protection afforded by act of Parliament, is believed to be entirely invalid in view of this immense abundance of the fish; and the proposition to amend the law in regard to the killing of these birds by reducing the period of their protection is earnestly opposed by numerous writers.

According to Dr. SCLATER, the celebrated Madagascar explorer, GRANDIDIER, has lately returned from his third voyage with natural history collections of great interest. Among these are full series of several species of *Lemuridæ*, as well as other remarkable mammals. Deposits were found in Southern Madagascar containing remains of *Æpyornis maximus*, or the giant ostrich.

The death has been announced at Norfolk, Massachusetts, on the 8th of September, of Dr. JOHN EDWARDS HOLBROOK, of South Carolina, a gentleman of great prominence in the United States as a naturalist. Born at Beaufort, South Carolina, in 1794, Dr. HOLBROOK graduated at Brown University, and since 1824 has occupied the position of Professor of Anatomy in the State University of South Carolina. He is chiefly known from the extent and magnificence of his works upon the reptiles of North America, and upon the fishes of South Carolina. Of these the first-mentioned appeared in its completed form in 1842, occupying five quarto volumes, and giving figures and descriptions of all the species of reptiles then known in the United States—about one hundred and sixty in number. Some volumes had been previously published and canceled by the author in consequence of their supposed imperfection. The advance in our knowledge of American reptiles since that time may be learned from the fact that we are at present acquainted with not far from five hundred species.

The work on the fishes of South Carolina was equally difficult to bring to a conclusion satisfactory to its author, several numbers having been canceled and replaced. The publication, indeed, was never entirely finished, the commencement of the civil war having interfered with its completion, although, as it stands, it embraces the only available series of illustrations of the greater part of the Southern species. It is said that a eulogium upon Dr. HOLBROOK is to be delivered before the Boston Society of Natural History by Professor AGASSIZ at some future day.

Rev. Dr. HUME communicated a paper to the Geological Section of the British Association, at its late meeting, "On the Coal Beds of Panama," with reference to their economical value. Analysis proved the coal to contain about seventy-five per cent. of carbonaceous matter, the remaining portion being water and ash; it had a fair heating and a large illuminating power. There are four points where the coal reaches the surface, of the thickness of nine to twelve feet, and with intervening streaks of shale and clay twenty-five feet; the quality improves in value at greater depths. He pointed out the great importance of this coal in the event of a canal being made through the isthmus. The Panama *Star and Herald*, however, in referring to these beds, considers their value to have been much exaggerated, and states that they are really worth very little as combustibles, whatever interest they may possess in a geological point of view.

Dr. FINSCH, of Bremen, has lately published in the "Memoirs of the Zoological and Botanical Association of Vienna" the monograph upon the genus *Certhiola*, or American creeper, upon which he has been long engaged. These birds are peculiar to the West Indies, Mexico, and certain parts of South America, a single species being abundant in the Bahamas, and found occasionally in Florida. They are familiar and well-known birds in the countries inhabited by them, feeding upon the juices of fruits, and upon insects attracted to the latter. The species exhibit but little variation in form and color, and it may be questioned whether they do not all constitute simple geographical races of one primitive form. If so, however, they illustrate very well the plasticity of species, in the fact that while nearly all the West India Islands, with the exception of Cuba, are inhabited by them, the same form is scarcely to be met with on even two of the adjacent islands, the local influences being sufficient to modify them so as to render the birds of each locality readily recognizable by the naturalist.

The German Fishery Association has undertaken the task of initiating and prosecuting a minute investigation in regard to the German Seas, with special reference to ascertaining the depth, the percentage of saline and gaseous substances, the temperature and currents of the water, the peculiarities of the bottom, and the fauna and flora. A special commission has been named for the investigation of the waters in the vicinity of Kiel, consisting of Professors MÖBIUS, KARSTEN, and HENSEN, with Dr. MEYER as president. The Minister of Marine has placed a suitable vessel at the command of the expedition, and examinations are now in progress.

Stimulated probably by the attractive accounts of the abundance of game of all kinds lately published in the New York *Evening Post*, Messrs. HALL and RICE, of Worcester, have procured traps and other equipments, and started for the interior of Newfoundland, where they expect to spend the winter in trapping bears, beaver, otter, and other animals. They expect to obtain an Indian guide, and to establish themselves in the wilderness, and then to prosecute a vigorous campaign of several months in hunting and capturing these animals.

A recent number of PETERMANN'S *Mittheilungen* gives the latest intelligence from Dr. NACHTIGAL. From this we learn that he was still detained at Kuka at the date of his latest communication (January, 1871), on the shores of Lake Tchad. The rains during the summer of 1870, and the famine consequent upon that, were very severe, only equaled in the memory of the natives by those of the year during which Dr. BARTH resided in the country; so that the people began to imagine a connection between the visitations of Christians and an excessive rainfall. Dr. NACHTIGAL had intended to proceed southward at the end of September, but his force of attendants had been so reduced by fever as to render this impossible, and consequently his further movements were delayed. In the mean time the doctor had been busy in making meteorological observations, in studying the chronic diseases of the neighborhood, and in obtaining information in regard to the geography, ethnology, and history of the surrounding country.

Professor MÖBIUS, in his "Fauna of the Bay of Kiel," remarks that the sea animals of that locality may be divided into those of the region of the sandy shore, the green sea-grass (eel-grass), the decayed, rotting sea-grass, the red algæ, and the black mud; and he considers that this is a fair type of the physical character of similar bodies of water. It is in this black mud, resulting from the decomposition of the grasses, that the greater number of animals harbor, and upon which they feed, furnishing, in turn, subsistence to the various forms of carnivorous animals. The quantity of organisms occupying such a muddy bottom is perfectly startling, since single casts of the dredge will bring up almost living masses of cases of worms, crustaceans, etc.; and it is upon these that large numbers of our coast fish feed almost exclusively.

The *Alaska Herald* reports the arrival at San Francisco of a cargo of cod-fish from the Aleutian Islands, of excellent quality, and which met with a ready sale at 7½ cents per pound.

A paper has been recently published by STREINTZ upon the question whether the moon exercises any appreciable influence upon meteorological phenomena, based upon a discussion of twenty years' observation at the Greenwich Observatory. He gives it as the result of his investigations that the moon, in our latitude, exercises *no* influence upon the barometer, upon rains, nor upon the wind, which can be appreciated by the most careful observation within the last twenty years; and that if any such influence occur, it must be extremely slight.

It is said that the attempt to send ice to India by the Suez Canal has proved a failure, and that out of ninety tons shipped, only four arrived.

HOME AND FOREIGN GOSSIP.

A PRAIRIE on fire is a scene which can be fully realized only by those who have witnessed it. A whole section of country one broad sheet of destructive flame, sweeping away by its resistless current mile after mile of grass, grain in field and grain in stack, including houses and barns, is a fearful sight. Many settlers in Indiana and Minnesota were desperately "fighting fire" on Western prairies, or hopelessly fleeing before it, at the very time that Chicago was being devoured by the same relentless foe. The losses have been immense, many having escaped only with their lives.

Some one suggests that when the process of chromatic printing is perfected, all newspapers will be printed in colors. The criminal reports will naturally be in gilt, sensational articles could be crimson, or other flaming hue, while such as are of a morbid tinge could be blue. Any thing of a jaundiced character would be yellow; bitter personal attacks might take the color of gall; the shipping reports would be printed in ultramarine; and, finally, the whole sheet would be *red*.

Mete Kingi is a noble savage—one of the Maori representatives in the General Assembly of New Zealand. This is one of his speeches; in fact, the best one he has ever made: "England is a great nation. The Maoris are a great people. The English have called us to this great house. We sit here. They have pounded my cow at Wanganui. I have spoken."

According to a scientific Frenchman, the ordinary tea-drinker imbibes during a year leather enough to make a pair of boots. Proof: A decoction of tea contains tannin, as tannic acid, in solution; milk contains albumen; and as these two substances are the chief ingredients of leather, and as they actually unite and form leather when brought into contact with each other, the drinker of tea makes a sort of shoe-maker's shop of himself, or herself, as the case may be.

It is not likely that any one will be more careful about addressing and stamping his letters for knowing that 310,094 letters were received at the Dead-letter Office during September—but such was the fact, nevertheless.

"Now, gentlemen," said an energetic Connecticut auctioneer, as he produced a statuette of the "Greek Slave," "how much am I offered for this beautiful Madonna?"

An impudent fellow, who fancied great people never spoke except to say something great, saw Mr. Tennyson and his family examining the pictures in the Royal Academy. He followed the little group closely, expecting to hear the Poet Laureate say something worthy of record. After passing through several rooms in silence, the Laureate turned to the lady with him and said, "Take care of the children while I go and have a glass of beer." His curious pursuer was satisfied, and made a frantic exit.

Two hundred Laplanders are reported to have just arrived in Paris. A French journal gives a curious reason for their appearance in the city. It says: "These people, although complete savages, have been stirred with pity on hearing of the misfortunes of our country, and have undertaken this long journey for the sole purpose of judging with their own eyes of the barbarous usage we have sustained at the hands of the Prussians."

Patagonia will receive the blessing of smokers, as large deposits of meerschaum clay have been discovered therein. Hitherto the supply of this material for pipes has been limited; and many who have fancied their pet pipe was real "hydrous silicate of magnesia" have been laboring under a delusion: it was only common clay colored, or something else equally common. So the Patagonian discovery will rejoice their hearts.

About one-fourth of the Freshman Class at Bowdoin College have entered the scientific course, and others are still undecided which course to take. Several young women, graduates of the Brunswick High School, have applied for admission to a select course of study. Their request will doubtless be granted. It has been customary for years for women to attend many of the college lectures.

Chicago is kerosene's greatest victim. Portland was the victim of a fire-cracker. Will Chicago henceforth banish kerosene, as Portland banished fire-crackers?

The track of the Northern Pacific Railroad is now completed (250 miles) across the State of Minnesota, the grade being wholly finished; and the track-layers are approaching the Red River at the rate of three miles a day. Regular trains are running over the completed sections.

A gentleman who recently addressed a boys' grammar school in our city made this pithy and suggestive remark: "Good boys will grow up and be good men; bad boys will grow up and become voucher thieves."

Among the many private picture-galleries in New York, Mr. William H. Aspinwall's is probably the largest and most valuable. Mr. Belmont and Mr. A. T. Stewart have also large and valuable collections. Other notable galleries are those of Messrs. R. M. Olyphant, W. T. Blodgett, John Taylor Johnston, James Lenox, Marshall O. Roberts, R. L. Stuart, Jonathan Sturges, Robert Hoe, Cyrus Butler, Richard Butler, and the late A. M. Cozzens. To several of these galleries visitors are admitted by courtesy of the owners.

Rogers, the defaulting cashier of Pejepscot National Bank, in Brunswick, Maine, has been sentenced to six years' imprisonment at hard labor in the State-prison. The sentence was mitigated in consequence of the prisoner having made no attempt to conceal his crime or to evade punishment. The Portland *Transcript* remarks that although his sentence was a painful spectacle, "it was also a triumph of even-handed justice, of which it is to be lamented that the country has not had more examples. His plea of inadequate compensation and of the neglect of proper supervision on the part of the bank directors, though it might awaken a feeling of commiseration, could afford no justification for his crime. It was deliberately perpetrated and long continued. Our courts, in dealing with this and similar cases, have set an example which it is to be hoped will be followed in other States. The crime of defalcation would never have become so common as it now is if its perpetrators had not so often been suffered to go free of punishment."

The residents of the eastern part of Yorkshire, England, are apprehensive that their country will one day or other be washed away entirely. This calamity is not likely to happen just at present; but it is estimated that there is an average loss of two or three yards along the entire coast every year, and that about thirty acres of land disappear annually between Spurn Point and Flamborough Head alone. There was once an important sea-port called Ravenspurn on this coast, which returned a member to the Parliament of Edward I.; but in 1399 there was but little of it left, and at the close of the next century the ground on which it once stood had totally disappeared. Several villages which appear on old maps have been destroyed by the encroachments of the waves, and Kilnsea, which lost its church in 1826, is likely soon to be swept away altogether.

It is said that John Stuart Mill retained the manuscript of his "Subjection of Woman" some years before daring to publish it. Finally his step-daughter, Miss Helen Taylor, a woman of unusual ability, succeeded in getting the book before the public.

A correspondent of *London Society* relates the following:

"I knew an important crown official whose business hours were from ten to three. He had to sign his name to papers; and as a great deal depended upon his signature, he was very cautious and chary how he gave it. After three o'clock struck no beseeching powers of suitors or solicitors could induce him to do a stroke of work. He would not contaminate the quality of his work by doing too much of it. He would not impair his rest by continuing his work. And so he fulfilled the duties of his office for exactly fifty years before he retired on full pay from the service of the country."

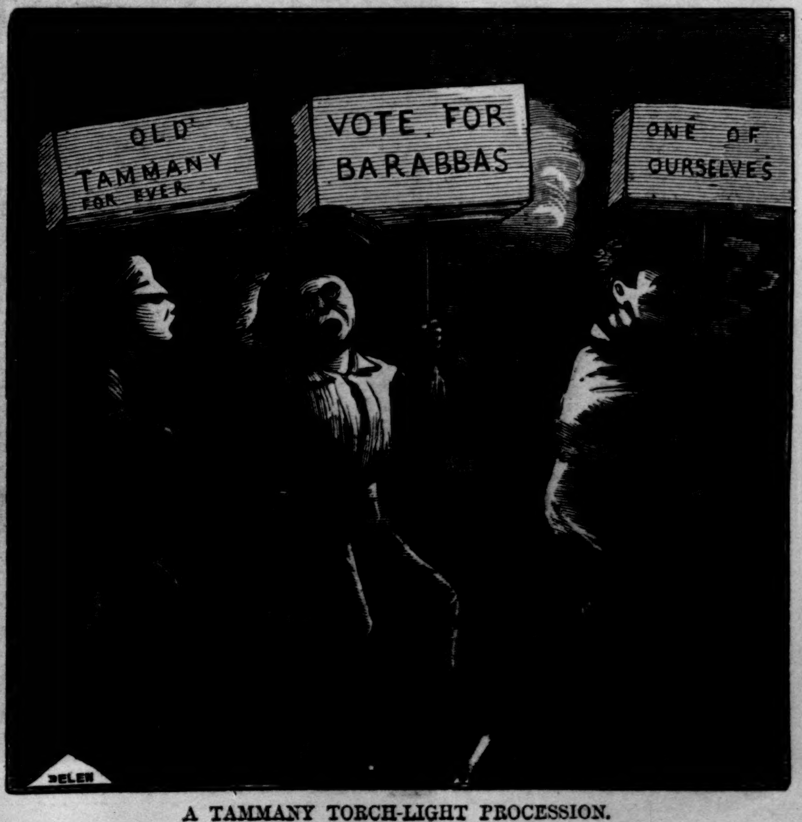
The lesson is obvious: systematic work and systematic rest will enable one to perform a large amount of labor with comfort and safety. Overstrain the brain or body, and the mischief resulting is often irreparable.

The steady increase in the receipts of the annual exhibitions of the National Academy of Design, from its first exhibition in 1826 until the present time, is a pleasant indication of progress in art, and in the appreciation of it. In 1826 the receipts amounted to $300. It is estimated that they will amount to nearly $10,000 the present year.

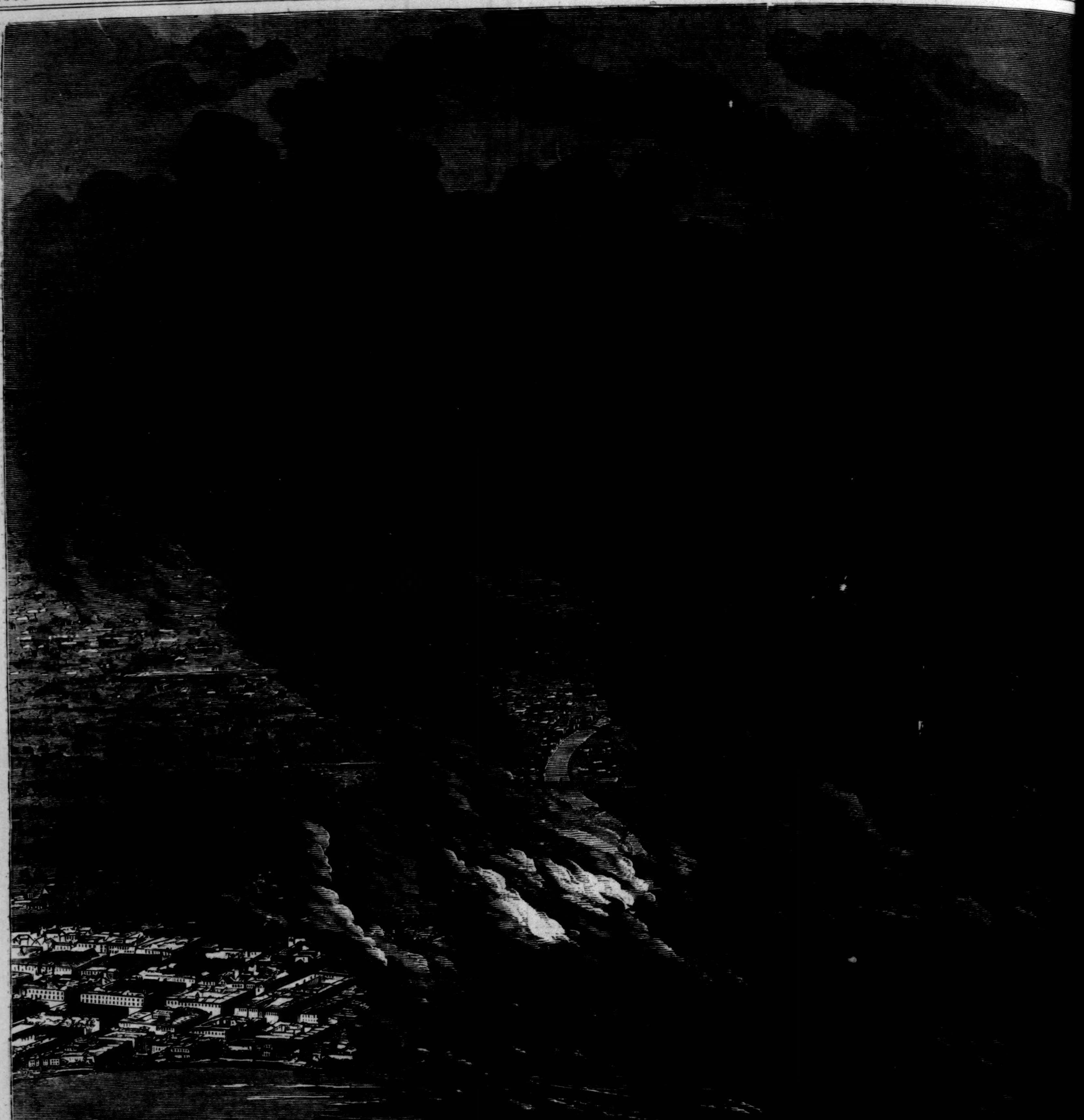
Among the papers which were found at the Elysée is a petition, dated 1849, from a pension-hunter to Louis Napoleon, then President of the republic, who is prayed by the petitioner to "continue to me the pension which I have received for the last ten years from the infamous and execrable Louis Philippe." A grateful pensioner that!

It is well known that Miss Cushman, whose artistic career is awakening peculiar interest just now, originally designed to sing in opera. But her rich contralto voice failed her, and her hopes were disappointed. Yet the dramatic stage gained what the operatic lost. Miss Cushman's last appearance in this city, previous to the present autumn, was in March, 1861. Long before that time she had established a high reputation in London, whither she went quite unknown. But her marked ability was speedily recognized. For many years past she has resided much of the time in Italy.

The use of the word "journal" as applied to other than daily publications has been criticised as an unjustifiable perversion of its original meaning, which is *diurnal*. Many words in our language, however, have come to signify something very different from that indicated by the derivative word. When good usage sanctions any special application of a word, that makes it correct. One of Webster's definitions of "journal" is "a periodical publication giving an account of passing events."



A TAMMANY TORCH-LIGHT PROCESSION.



CHICAGO IN RUINS.—From S

...ROM S... ...DORE R. DAVIS.—[SEE PAGE 1010.]

CHICAGO IN ASHES.

It is difficult, at a distance from the scene, to form a conception of the extent of the dire calamity which has befallen Chicago. For days the newspapers were filled with dreadful tidings of the fierce and swift progress of the flames, blown by the winds of heaven from house to house; of terror-stricken men, women, and children flying from burning homes, and spreading out, a helpless, starving, half-naked multitude, on the open prairie; but, as a writer in the *World* has well remarked, "there is little to be said of such a calamity which the imagination of every reader can not build for himself upon the simple statement that a great city has been swept away in a day. The catalogue of individual ruin is the Directory of Chicago. Let any man figure to himself what he would endure if he were stripped not only of every thing that may make him conventionally 'respectable' or eminent, but of the wherewithal to supply the first conditions of physical existence—food and shelter—and all his neighbors stripped of all that could alleviate his sufferings, and he will form a notion, faint and far off indeed, but far truer than description, however ample, could give him, of what has befallen, and for many days to come will befall, myriads of men as capable as himself to suffer and to enjoy."

With the help of our artists, who were instantly dispatched to Chicago when the extent of the calamity became known, we shall endeavor to lay before our readers an intelligible account of this terrible conflagration, which in less than three days swept a great city almost out of existence.

The fire had an ignoble beginning. Late on Sunday evening, October 8, a woman went into a stable on Dekoven Street, near the river, on the west side, to milk a cow, carrying with her a kerosene lamp. This was kicked over by the cow, and the burning fluid scattered among the hay and straw. A single fire-extinguisher on the premises, or the immediate application of water, would have confined the flames to the quarter where the fire began; but the engines were waited for, and when they arrived the firemen, stupefied by their exposure and exertions at a large fire the previous night, worked with less than their usual readiness and skill. The flames soon obtained headway. A high wind fanned them into fury, and they became uncontrollable. They sprang from house to house and from square to square, until the district burned over the day before was reached. In the other direction the flames crossed the river north of Twelfth Street to the south side, and threatened the business portion of the city.

The full extent of the danger was then for the first time realized; the firemen, already worn out and exhausted, worked like heroes, and the Mayor and other officials bestirred themselves to take measures for the protection of the city. But the opportunity was lost. The time when thorough organization could have blown up buildings, or prepared for the emergency, had been allowed to pass, and it was now a fight for life. The wind blowing a stiff gale had possession of the flames, and the beautiful buildings, Chicago's glory, lay before them. Harrison, Van Buren, Adams, Monroe, and Madison streets were soon reached, the intervening blocks from the river to Dearborn Street, on the east, being consumed; and within an incredibly short space of time nearly a mile of brick blocks was consumed, as if by magic.

It being Sunday evening, this part of the city was nearly deserted. Proprietors and employés were at home, utterly unconscious of what was taking place. Those who saw the light of this fire supposed it was the remains of Saturday night's fire, and, having confidence in the Fire Department, were unconcerned; but between eleven and twelve o'clock a rumor got abroad that the fire was in the business portion of the city. Then every body was on the alert, and from the southern part of the city a stream of people poured toward the scene of the conflagration. By this time nearly all the public buildings were either consumed or in flames. The air was filled with burning brands, which, carried north and east by the wind, kindled new fires wherever they fell. The fire-engines were powerless. The streams of water appeared to dry up the moment they touched the flames. An attempt was made to blow up the buildings; but this availed little, as the high wind carried the flaming brands far across the space thus cleared away.

To add to the horrors of the scene, the wooden pavements took fire, driving the firemen from stations where their efforts might have been continued for many precious minutes. Nothing could long resist the terrible heat of the flames. They seemed to strike right through the most solid walls. Buildings supposed to be fire-proof burned like tinder, and crumbled to pieces like charred paper. Block after block was consumed. The red-hot coal shot higher and higher, and the flames spread further and further, until that part of the city lying north of Lake Street was a vast sea of fire. At one time the people were so hemmed in by the circle of flame that thousands were in danger of perishing, and escaped only by a precipitate retreat. The hotels were hurriedly emptied of their guests, who swarmed into the streets with whatever they could carry away. Those who could do so made their way to the yet unburned bridges, and escaped across the river, while others fled to the lake shore, and found a safe line of retreat to the southern part of the city. This, it must be borne in mind, was in the night-time, but the city and the country and lake for miles around were illuminated with a lurid light.

When morning dawned at length there was but one block of buildings left in what the day before had been the most flourishing business part of the city. The magnificent Court-house, the Board of Trade building, the Sherman House and other hotels, and hundreds of stores and offices, were in ruin. The *Tribune* block alone remained unharmed. A wide space had been burned around it, and its safety was supposed to be assured. A patrol of men, under Mr. SAMUEL MEDILL, swept off live coals and put out fires in the side walls; and another patrol, under the direction of the Hon. JOSEPH MEDILL, watched the roofs. Up to four o'clock in the morning, writes the correspondent of the *World*, the reporters had sent in detailed accounts of the fire. At five o'clock the forms were sent down. In ten minutes the two eight-cylinders in the press-room would have been throwing off the morning paper. Then the front basement was discovered to be on fire. The plug on the corner was tapped, but there was no water. The conflagration which had for some time been raging on the north side had destroyed the Water-works. There was not a drop of water in the city. The pressmen were driven from their presses. The attachés of the office said good-by to the handsomest newspaper office in the Western country, and tearfully withdrew to a place of safety. In a very short time the office was enveloped in fire, and by ten o'clock the whole block was a mass of blackened ruins. M'VICKAR's fine theatre, the Crosby Opera-house, which was to have been reopened Monday evening, the office of the Pullman Car Company, the great Union Railroad Dépôt at the foot of Lake Street, all the banks, and many of the finest churches in the city, had already been destroyed. It is reported that a number of prisoners confined in the basement of the Court-house were burned to death.

By the destruction of the Water-works, on the north side of the river, early in the day, the efficiency of the Fire Department was fatally impaired. It was impossible, owing to the smoke and fire, to get to the lake or river. So intense was the heat that the sluggish river seemed to boil, and clouds of steam rose from its surface to mingle with the smoke from the flames.

Early in the forenoon of Monday it became evident that nothing could save the city, and all the streets leading southward and westward from the burning quarter were crowded with men, women, and children, all flying for life, and attempting to save something from the general wreck. The number is vaguely estimated at 75,000. Every sort of vehicle was pressed into service. With the selfishness which on such occasions comes uppermost in some natures, the truckmen charged enormous prices for transporting trunks, boxes, and packages, and turned a deaf ear to all who could not pay the money down. Thousands of persons, inextricably commingled with horses and vehicles, poor people of all colors and shades and of every nationality—from Europe, China, and Africa—mad with excitement, struggled with each other to get away. Many were trampled under foot. Men and women were loaded with bundles, to whose skirts children were clinging, half-dressed and barefooted, all seeking a place of safety. Hours afterward these people might have been seen in vacant lots, or on the streets far out in the suburbs, stretched in the dust. These are the homeless and destitute, who now call on the rich world for food and clothing.

Many pitiful sights were witnessed in the course of this terrible scramble for life. There were mothers and fathers who, leaving children in places of supposed safety, had gone to save clothing and valuables from their burning houses, and returned to find their little ones swept away, and were seeking them in vain among the maddened crowd. There were men and women whom terror had made insane. An eye-witness tells of one poor woman of middle age, bending under a heavy load of bundles, who struggled through the crowd singing the Mother Goose melody,

> "Chickery, Chickery, Crany Crow,
> I went to the well to wash my toe!"

Among the saddest incidents of this calamity was the appearance in the streets of hundreds of men and boys in a state of beastly drunkenness. In the North Division the liquor saloons were broken open, and their contents flung into the streets, where they were eagerly seized upon by the maddened crowd, who seem to have felt the same impulse that leads sailors on a sinking ship to drown their terrors in the delirium of intoxication. There can be hardly any doubt that many of these poor wretches found their death in the flames from which they were helpless to escape. Several hundred persons sought refuge on a barge, and were towed out into the lake, where they remained all night. The loss of life can not yet be definitely ascertained, but will probably reach several hundred.

Thus the dreadful day wore on, and night drew near. The principal business portion of the city, and the North Division from the river to Lincoln Park, had been swept by the flames, comprising an area of more than five square miles. As the awful day drew to its close, thousands of anxious eyes watched the clouds of smoke that hung over the scene of desolation, dreading lest a change of wind might drive the flames upon that portion of the city which was still unburned, and fervent were the prayers for rain.

No pen can describe the horrors of the night. A hundred thousand people encamped in the fields and in Lincoln Park. The weather was tempestuous and cold. A heavy rain the day previous had drenched the turf, which the trampling feet of the thousands of fugitives from the fire had soon beaten into a morass. And there, on the bleak prairie, shelterless and half naked, delicate women slept with their babes clasped to their breasts, or moaned in unspeakable anguish throughout the dreadful night, longing for day and yet dreading its dawn. What hearts were broken during that awful watch in cold and darkness and terror, what lives of lingering sickness and pain prepared, can never be known. It would seem as if such distress might soften the most obdurate heart; yet even there armed patrols were needed to guard the helpless from robbery and the baser passions of desperate ruffians, who, under cover of the general panic and disorganization, sought to inaugurate a new reign of terror. Houses were broken open and pillaged all over the town. Rape and arson and murder were not unfrequent; and it became necessary to form vigilance committees, who promptly disposed of the culprits by hanging or shooting. Fortunately General SHERIDAN was at his post. The city was placed under martial law, and wretches caught in the act of pillaging or setting fire to buildings—for, incredible as it may seem, men became incendiaries in the midst of the burning town—were executed on the spot. In some cases the citizens, maddened by the sight of pillage or arson, fell upon the miscreant and beat him to death. The number summarily executed is estimated at above fifty. Among the ruffians so disposed of were four desperadoes well known to the police of every city in the Union—BARNEY AARON, BILL TRACY, JIM MUNDAY, and JIM BROWN—as vile a set of scoundrels as ever picked a pocket or cut a throat.

During the whole of the night of the 9th the fire continued to burn on the north side; but the wind went down, and shortly after midnight rain commenced falling, and by daylight the flames were under control. Freed from anxiety in regard to the further spreading of the flames, the citizens took measures for the protection of property and for the care of the thousands who were homeless and shelterless. The first night few could be provided with shelter, and the most harrowing scenes were witnessed on every hand. Several children were born into the world in the midst of the storm, only to die. There were invalids of every age and condition of life, who had been taken from their beds and carried where death came to them less swiftly but not less surely than in the fiery flood.

In response to the cry for help that went up from the stricken city, instant and abundant relief was sent from every part of the Union. The general government sent thousands of tents and army rations. Societies and private citizens sent money, clothing, and provisions. Railroad companies dispatched special trains laden with these gifts. From Canada and from Europe came expressions of sympathy and proffers of assistance. Wherever the news was carried it awakened the best impulses of human nature. But it must be borne in mind that more is wanted than temporary relief. Of the thousands of people who have been thrown out of employment and deprived of their homes, just at the commencement of winter, many will require assistance for weeks and months to come, and this assistance must be afforded by the country at large.

The spirit and courage exhibited by the business people of Chicago is above all praise. The smoke still hung over their ruined city, when they met and resolved upon measures that would restore its fame and magnificence, and maintain its credit unimpaired. The newspapers, with their accustomed enterprise, immediately resumed publication as best they could, and generous assistance was afforded by the press of other cities, in the shape of type, paper, etc. Temporary buildings were erected in every direction, and in less than a week after the cessation of the fire hundreds of houses were ready for occupation. The spirit of prostration gave way to one of confidence and hope. Every business man who could hire a shed resumed business. One hundred thousand dollars was subscribed toward rebuilding the Chamber of Commerce, and the work will be commenced at once. With this spirit animating her citizens, Chicago will soon recover from this great calamity, more magnificent and beautiful than she was before the fire.

ACCOUNT BY AN EYE-WITNESS.

We have received the following intensely interesting and graphic account of the great fire from our special artist, Mr. JOHN R. CHAPIN, whose sketches are given on pages 1004 and 1013:

To the Editor of Harper's Weekly:

I confess that I felt myself a second NERO as I sat down to make the sketch which I send herewith of the burning of Chicago. In the presence of such a fearful calamity, surrounded by such scenes of misery and woe, having within a brief hour barely escaped with my life from the burning hotel, knowing that under my eye human life was being destroyed, wealth swept away, and misery entailed upon untold thousands of my fellow-men, nothing but the importance of preserving a record of the scene induced me to force my nervous system into a state sufficiently calm to jot down the scenes passing before me.

No man can describe a battle so well as he who was far away from it. I shall not, therefore, pretend to give a description of any thing more than that which I witnessed; and I trust that I shall be forgiven the use of the personal pronoun in view of the necessity of narrating my own experience in order to convey my impressions to others.

I arrived in Chicago for the first time on Saturday, the 7th inst., and stopped at the Sherman House. During the afternoon of that day a friend drove me around through the business portion of the city to show me the magnificent buildings which covered the area now a heap of ashes. Stopping here and there to admire the stately Court-house, the magnificent proportions of the Michigan Southern Railroad Dépôt, or the Grand Pacific Hotel, we passed into Wabash, Calumet, and other avenues skirting the lake, to view the long rows of beautiful residences which wealth, culture, and refinement had erected on the edge of the lake, all of which are now embraced in an immense heap of brick, stone, and ashes. At the *Tribune* buildings we were shown through that immense structure—constructed in a manner precisely similar to your own building—that we might see how completely *fire-proof* it was. We visited the Board of Commerce, Western Union Telegraph, and numerous other magnificent buildings, until, tired at last, we returned to the hotel to sup and talk of the wealth, extent, rapid growth, and enterprise of Chicago—that great city of the West, that fabulous city of yesterday.

An alarm of fire during the evening caused no anxiety, for it was a thing of frequent occurrence. Yet the morning brought us intelligence that twenty acres in the southwestern part of the city had been swept as with the besom of destruction. We, together with thousands of others, went out in the afternoon to see the ruins. In the evening, returning from church with a young and dear friend, we parted at the hotel door with a promise to meet on the morrow. In a few hours we were houseless wanderers, and did not meet again. Retiring to my room, I read until half past ten, and at that hour went to bed and to sleep. I had heard the alarm of fire at ten o'clock; but, notwithstanding a high wind—a gale, indeed—was blowing, I felt no uneasiness, but dropped off to slumber with a mind filled with engagements for the morning, which were never to be fulfilled. I had slept about two or three hours when I was awakened by a rattling of a key in my door, as though some one was trying to enter. Calling out "Who's there? what do you want?" and receiving no answer, I again fell asleep, but was again awakened by the sound of the tramping of feet and confusion in the hall, and by a dull roar, which I supposed was the sound of wheels on the Nicholson pavement. Listening for a few moments, and thinking it must be near morning, I composed myself to sleep again, but was restless, and my mind became gradually filled with a dread for which I could not account. At length, to assure myself, I rose and went to the window, threw open the blinds, and gazed upon a sheet of flame towering one hundred feet above the top of the hotel, and upon a shower of sparks as copious as drops in a thunder-storm. Fortunately I did not loose my presence of mind, but packed my valise and dressed myself—hurriedly it is true—but saved even my watch under my pillow, and, leaving my room, rushed into a scene of dire confusion and dismay. The guests were hurrying through the halls, and dragging trunks and other baggage down the stairways, rushing frantically about, partially dressed and wild with excitement, every one intent upon himself, and all filled with that indescribable horror which can only be felt in gazing into the jaws of that terrible fire-fiend whose power is so grandly irresistible, and before whom individuality sinks to nothingness. Reaching the office, I went to the coat-room to obtain my overcoat; but finding it closed, and thinking time too valuable to be wasted at such a moment, I left the building and hurried into the street. Hesitating but an instant to gaze into the face of the awful but sublime monster that was pursuing me, I turned and fled through the fiery shower—whither I knew not—but away from the fire. Coming to the river, I recognized to the left of me the entrance to the tunnel on Washington Street, and hastened toward it. It was filled already with a crowd of fugitives, all flying, with their backs and arms loaded with what they had gathered in the despair of the moment, seeking a place of safety. The scenes witnessed among this crowd were painful, and in many instances humorous and ludicrous in the extreme—or would have been under other circumstances. Helping now a poor mother who was struggling along with an infant and half a dozen older children, anon assisting an old woman staggering under her burden of household stuff, we at length reached the other side, and emerged into a place of safety.

Here for the first time I realized the magnitude of the danger and the awful nature of the calamity. As far as the eye could see toward the south the flames extended in one unbroken sheet, while they were advancing, a wall of fire from one to two hundred feet in height, with terrible rapidity. One glance was sufficient to convince the most hopeful that the city was doomed. A gale of wind was blowing from the southwest, and urging the fire onward over the wealthiest and handsomest portion of the place. No human power could stay its progress, and no effort was made. The slightest change of wind to the southward would have driven the sparks across to the west side, and, falling among the frame buildings of which that portion is mainly composed, would have cut off the escape of tens of thousands toward the prairie. Dripping with perspiration from my exertions, yet feeling the chill of the blast, I dared not stand for a moment, but wandered from street to street, until I met a gentleman, his wife, and three children, who, like myself, had been driven out shelterless, who kindly directed me to the Mallory House, where I was permitted to change my clothing; and, now, more warmly clad, I started out to help, if I could, all that I could. I soon found myself on the Randolph Street Bridge, the point whence my sketch was taken. No language which I can command will serve to convey any idea of the grandeur, the awful sublimity, of the scene. For nearly two miles to the right of me the flames and smoke were rising from the ruins and ashes of dwellings, warehouses, lumber-yards, the immense gas-works; and the view in that direction was bounded by an elevator towering one hundred and fifty feet in the air, which had withstood the fire of the night before, but which was now a living coal, sending upward a sheet of flame and smoke a thousand feet high.

Following the line of fire northward, the next prominent object was the Nevada House, a large

brick hotel of six or seven stories in height by about 100 feet square. For a long time this stood surrounded by the fire, and it seemed likely to resist the attack of the flames; but soon a slight column of smoke climbed up the farther corner, a light tongue of flame followed, and in three minutes thereafter the whole structure was toppling to the ground. Before us we looked upon a sight which it is impossible to describe. Every one knows how inadequate is human language to express the grandeur of Niagara—we can only *feel* it. And yet Niagara sinks into insignificance before that towering wall of whirling, seething, roaring flame, which swept on, on—devouring the most stately and massive stone buildings as though they had been the card-board playthings of a child. Looking under the flame, we could see the buildings on either side of Randolph Street, whose beauty and magnificence and whose wealth of contents we had admired the day before, in the centre of the furnace. A moment, and a flickering flame crept out of a window, another and another followed, a sheet of fire joined the whirling mass above, and they were gone. One after another they dissolved like snow on the mountain, until the fire had reached the corner just before us. Loud detonations to the right and left of us, where buildings were being blown up, added to the falling of the walls and the roaring of the flames—the moaning of the wind, the shouting of the crowd, the shrill whistling of the tugs as they endeavored to remove the shipping out of the reach of danger—made up a frightful discord of sounds which will live in memory while life shall last. Vehicles of every kind and character were crossing and recrossing the bridge, bringing away goods of all kinds, and sometimes of the most ludicrous description. Fabulous prices were asked and paid for any thing on wheels. Wagons and carts without horses, but drawn by men, wheelbarrows, hand-carts, trucks, and every available means of transit, were called into requisition. One party had a platform store truck with three wheels, on which they had piled desks, chairs, cushions, and office furniture to a height of six or eight feet. In trying to get off the track the whole load slid off, and an immense express wagon, dashing along, went over the pile and crushed it into splinters. Here comes a steamer! Back rushes the crowd, and four splendid horses, followed by an engine, whose driver was either wild with excitement or crazy drunk, dashed across the bridge, and, wheeling to the right, took up a position on the edge of the dock. Here they commenced dipping the water up in pails, which were sure to strike bottom side down, and when they did get a pail full, in pulling it up it was sure to spill two-thirds; and thus they were trying to fill a wash-tub, out of which they took suction to get a stream on about two thousand tons of coal. After working in this way with the energy of despair about an hour, some one called across the river, "Why in h—ll don't you put your suction into the river?" They had apparently never thought of that. They dropped the hose and got a stream.

Crossing the bridge, we viewed the fire as it swept on, devouring warehouse after warehouse on Lake Street. One after another succumbed in rapid succession but the last one—the corner of which is seen to the left of the large building in the centre of the picture—and every body hoped and prayed it might be saved. But after the others on that front had all fallen, it was seen to smoke near the cornice, and in a few moments—less time than it takes to write it—it was blazing from every window; and after extending its fiery arms to and embracing the frame building of Sterns & Co., opposite, it, too, fell to earth, a shapeless mass of brick and stone. The large building in the centre is the only one saved in the space from the river to the lake, and from two miles to the right of us to four miles to the left.

Across Lake Street the surging fire extends, and laps the cornices of the tall warehouses filled with wealth. The signs smoke, then blaze, and catch the window-frames, and in another moment the interior is a mass of fire, which rushes upward to join the mad whirl of the storm above. Now it has reached the river; and if the bridge can be saved, it can be confined to its present limits. Anxious eyes watch the bridge yonder. The crowd surge back and forth—and "Ah! there's a stream! It will be saved!" A few moments of suspense, and some one says, "The elevator is on fire." "No; that's the reflection of the fire." Every eye is turned that way with the utmost anxiety. The smoke is so dense that we can hardly see. It blows aside, and what was the reflection of the fire is now a lurid glare of flame. It is doomed. Two, three minutes more, and it is a monstrous pyramid of flame and thick, black smoke, solid as stone. "My God! look there! there are men on the *top*." "No!" "Wait a moment until the smoke clears away." "Yes, there are—three, *five*. They're lost! See! they are suffocating. They have crept to the corner. O God! is there no help for them? What are they doing? They are drawing something up; 'tis a rope." They fasten it; and just as the flames burst out around them the first one slides over the parapet and down, followed by one after another until the whole are saved, thank God! A universal cry of relief goes up from the crowd, and we turn to other points. On the north side the flames, now having more digestible food than brick and stone, go leaping, dancing, and surging away over miles of territory, "growing by what they feed upon," until, as far as the eye can see to the right and left, all is flame and smoke.

Let those of your readers who are familiar with New York imagine Broadway to be the river, and the East River to be the lake; then imagine the *whole* of the city from the Battery to Grand Street in flames—one-half of that space covered with such buildings as the *Herald* building, *Times* building, City Hall, and such blocks as Stewart's, the Metropolitan and St. Nicholas hotels, all burning with such a blaze as swept upward from Barnum's Museum; add to this a gale of wind as severe as any you ever experience in the city—and they can form some faint conception of the scene which I have been attempting to describe, but to which no human language can do justice.

And who shall attempt to depict the scenes of misery, the agony of suffering, among that mass of people which was surging back and forth, to and fro, in every direction, on the west side? In every door-way were groups and families, on the curbs, in the gutters, every where—in the dépôts, in the stores, wherever there was shelter, and where there was none—they could be seen huddled around their little all that the flames had spared, with misery depicted on their countenances and with despair in their hearts. I leave these scenes to more powerful pens than mine, for I too had my load of painful anxiety to bear. Where was the young friend with whom I had parted the night before? He had been burned out, and was homeless. 'Twas in vain to seek him among those thousands: I might pass and repass him a hundred times in the crowds in the streets; and late in the afternoon I was reluctantly compelled, for the sake of my family, who knew I had been stopping at the Sherman, to leave for some place whence I could telegraph of my safety. Seeking out the Indianapolis Dépôt, I purchased my ticket and awaited the opportunity to depart. Hour after hour passed in the presence of scenes of misery, the fire all the time spreading northward, until, at 7.25 p.m., we started away from the doomed city out on to the prairie. As we got away and looked back we could realize the extent of the territory, and I send you a sketch of the scene as it appeared from the windows of the train. Forty miles away we still saw the brilliant flames looming above the doomed city. John R. Chapin.

OUR ILLUSTRATIONS.

Our illustrations this week, referred to in general terms in the preceding article, deserve special attention. That on page 1004 represents the terrible rush for life over Randolph-street Bridge, so graphically described in our correspondent's letter. On the left of the picture will be noticed the incident of five men escaping from a burning roof by means of a rope. The double-page illustration will enable our readers to form some conception of the sombre desolation that hung over the city as the night of Monday drew on. Three of the illustrations on page 1013 show the general character of the buildings which have been swept away by the fire. They are drawn from photographs furnished through the courtesy of Messrs. Anthony, of this city. Probably no city in the Union possessed a greater number of elegant public and private buildings than Chicago; and of these only one, the residence of Mr. William B. Ogden, remains in the burned district. It owed its safety to its isolation in spacious open grounds. The pathetic sketch by Mr. Reinhart, printed on our front page, conveys a more graphic idea than can be expressed in words of the privations and sufferings endured by the multitudes who sought refuge in the parks and fields from the devastating flames.

CHACUN DEUX.

"Ah, what a silence! It is wretched, this place! The very flies are afraid to buzz because of the dead!" And the speaker, an airy little French grisette, shrugged her pretty shoulders dolorously.

Her companion—also a "daughter of the people," but more freshly colored and heavily moulded in form and feature—leaning upon a table with her head bowed on her arms, lifted a pair of black eyes lazily.

"What then? We have seen worse places, you and I; and may see them again," she added, half to herself.

"Go to sleep, Lise," said her impatient companion. "Better be asleep than croaking. See, it is sunset," she added, more vivaciously, pushing back the heavy shutter at her side. "Time for Jean and Pierre."

Lise yawned as the brilliant level rays of light struck across the room, and, sitting up, began to coil the heavy hair that had fallen from beneath her cap, while the first speaker folded her arms and looked gravely out at the narrow court below and the crowded buildings beyond.

"Père François was a good man," she said, musingly. "He loved his 'jeunes amis.' He will keep his word, Lise, to us all—Pierre and Jean, and you and me."

Lise answered with a careless "It may be," emphasized by a shrug of the shoulder and a curl of the lip. "And if he does not?" she queried.

"And if he does not keep it," said the little grisette, "Pierre and Jean will do well enough. For you and me—there is nothing for us but—"

"The streets," finished Lise, laconically. "Well, we came from the streets, my poor Marie."

Marie turned her face to the sunlight with a sharp shiver.

"And he never meant us to go back, Lise, never! Did he not take us, as children, that we might grow and please his age? He would not leave his young friends without a sou, and with no home but the miserable streets. But, ma foi! what do I say? Pierre and Jean will care for us—they are like brothers."

Lise did not answer at once, but sat moodily drawing one long tress of hair through her fingers.

"It may be," she said at last, concisely. "He once vowed it to the Mother of Saints. It may be. Come, shall we have supper?"

Marie, glad of any change, assented, and together they descended a steep staircase, and entered a kitchen, where a wizened cook was bending over the fire. They entered just in time to hear the fragment of a song, hummed in an under-voice by a sturdy, bright-eyed young peasant, who tossed his cap on a nail as he came through the door.

"À Sainte Blaise, à la Zuecca,
Vous étiez, vous—"

"Be still, Jean!" cried Marie. "How can you sing while Père François lies unburied?"

Jean, who had already plunged his head into a basin of water, emerged from it half refreshed and half regretful, and commenced to towel himself vigorously.

"Ah, that is true! May the holy saints forgive me! I am a sad fellow to be merry. But Pierre there is sorry enough for both of us."

Pierre, the fourth of the dead man's young friends, smiled dubiously as he threw off his mason's blouse.

"And have we not reason to be sorry?"

"Mon Dieu! how do I know? It may be we are, even now, rich. What then? Let us have some tea, Lise."

Lise laughed half contemptuously as she gave it.

"And why should we be sorry, then?" continued Jean.

"Why not?" said Pierre, gravely.

"Why not, indeed?" echoed Lise, nodding indulgently. "Wait till you hear the will, mon ami, and do not be too sure of riches."

"For me," cried Jean, with a laugh, "I am sure only of a half-holiday. Monsieur the notary comes to-morrow at eleven to read the will, and Pierre and I shall not go to the Rue Pavière. As for you and Marie, to-morrow, at least, you shall be ladies."

"Ah," sighed little Marie, "it would be grand to be always a lady!"

"And have every day a fête day! Never you mind, Mignonne! I shall show you fête days if you never see a sou of Père François's money. Are you not my little sister?"

Lise shook her head.

"She is not your sister, nor Pierre's," she said, sharply. "To-morrow, if Père François has been niggard of his money, we shall go our ways—you and Pierre, I and Marie. We must live, and live honestly, Marie and I."

"Live?" said Pierre; "but where and how?"

"And why not here?" asked Jean.

"Ah, there are ways enough, mon ami, and places enough. Paris is a great city."

Jean's voluble expostulation, Pierre's grave questioning, availed nothing. Lise still shook her obstinate head, and reiterated her obstinate declaration:

"We shall go where we came from—to the Sisters or the streets."

Jean, losing patience at last, pushed his cup away, and rose noisily.

"Mon Dieu! Keep your plans till to-morrow, Lise; and you, Mignonne, save your tears till they are needed. The will is to come yet, my friends: wait for to-morrow!"

At ten the next morning the remains of Monsieur François were laid in the little cemetery of the Rue de H——. He had few mourners. His "jeunes amis," his cook Babette, his dog, and a few aged paupers whom he had befriended, and Monsieur Livournay, the notary, with his assistant, made up the funeral train. They came back from the church to the deserted house, and gathered in the dingy little office of "Père François." Here the notary, seated behind a desk, drew a package from his pocket, broke the seals, and gravely read:

"The last will and testament of Jules François, merchant, Rue Anselm, Paris. Signed Anno Domini 1855, and witnessed by Pantin Livournay, notary, Jean Larét, secretary, and Martine Babette, cook."

The will, strangely enough, began with little details, bits of legacies to be left here and there—twenty livres to a lame sweeper of crossings, fifty francs monthly to a sick seamstress, etc. His dog he left to Gaspard Rideau, charpentier; his house and furniture to Martine Babette, his faithful servant.

The notary cleared his throat, and his listeners bent eagerly forward.

"And as for my four young friends, Jean Berton, Pierre Dubois, Lise Arbret, and Marie Vale, give to each two of them thirty thousand livres as a small token of remembrance. All the—"

The notary paused and glanced back at what he had read, doubtfully. His auditors waited.

"Well, monsieur?" said Jean, impatiently.

"But I do not understand—"

"It is very plain. He gives each one of us—"

"But, monsieur, if I read it literally, it is not each one, but each two, *chacun deux*, that are to have the thirty thousand livres. The letters are connected; there is no apostrophe; it can not be *chacun d'eux!*"

There was a universal exclamation of astonishment, and the four listeners crowded around the reader. Jean, holding the will in his hand, knitted his brows above a passage he was not scholarly enough to read.

"But, monsieur, it is a mistake. How could the money be left in this way? To each two—and which two? Would he not have told us?"

The puzzled notary, glancing at the words before him, made no answer.

"It is a mistake!" echoed Lise, angrily, bending her black brows on the lawyer. "What more plain? He left us alike thirty thousand livres."

"But, my good girl," persisted the notary, "that is impossible."

"How?" asked the immobile Pierre.

"He has but seventy thousand livres. Of these he wills sixty thousand as legacies, and gives ten thousand in charity to the 'Maison pour les enfants des pauvres.'"

Blank silence followed. The notary conferred in a low voice with his assistant. Jean again studied the will. Marie waited with bent head, and Lise angrily plucked her dress. Pierre stood a little apart from the others, musing in silence, with hands clasped behind him. Presently the notary touched him on the shoulder so suddenly that he was startled from his reverie.

"Pardon, mon ami," said the man of law, in a low voice. "I wish to ask a question. I knew little of Père François, and nothing of the contents of the will before this morning. You four—heirs of the dead man—are not of one family?"

"No, monsieur."

"Ah! Not even cousins?"

"Surely not. Père François is the only relation we ever knew."

"And not—affianced? Pardon! this so strange will suggested the question."

Pierre's start, and the amazement in his honest blue eyes, was a better answer than his "Mais non, certainement, monsieur."

The shrewd notary, having put the idea in Pierre's head which he thought lacking, turned away with a hasty, "Pardon! Ah! I was wrong," and hastily refolded the will which the reluctant Jean handed to him. Taking refuge in professional brevity, he answered the tide of questions which beset him by appointing a meeting at his office in two days' time, and, meanwhile, a consideration of the matter. With this he departed.

For two hours after, Pierre and Jean paced the sunny court in deep consultation; and Lise and Marie, taking refuge from Babette's tongue in the solitude of their chamber, wearied themselves with conjectures and plans.

The day wore itself away, and when Babette's punctual bell summoned them to supper, four dubious faces were seen at the table. Even the buoyant Jean was unwontedly grave, and Pierre scarcely raised his eyes from his plate; Marie could hardly restrain her tears, and Lise poured the tea grimly.

"If I had been Père François," said Jean, breaking an egg, "I would have saved all this trouble, and willed my money wisely. I would have written—"

"You would have written what you meant," interposed Lise, shortly, "and given each one his share. But it matters not. Marie and I shall take half, you and Pierre half also, and we will leave this house, which is Babette's."

"Ay; but why you and Marie, and Pierre and I? Perhaps Père François meant—"

"Père François! Père François!" cried Lise, impatiently. "Who knows what he meant? Marie and I must go our ways, and how can we share better?"

Lise turned away her head to hide the flush which her own question brought to her cheek.

"It shall be as you and Marie wish," said the quiet Pierre; "but—"

"And you will see the notary to-morrow?"

"Ah, you are in haste to lose your brothers!" said Jean, dissatisfiedly. "How do you know we can do as we will? And what does Marie say?" he added, in lower tones. "Will she go away?"

"Marie—" began Lise.

"Ah, but I want to persuade Marie. Why should she share with you, and not with me?" Jean went on, daringly taking the little hand on Marie's lap in his own. "Think, Marie; thirty thousand livres means fêtes and fine dresses and less work than play. What merry days we might have, Marie!"

Marie, with her eyes covered, and a slow flush creeping over the round cheek that was left visible, answered nothing. Jean, leaning nearer yet, whispered,

"Stay with me, Marie! We are not brother and sister."

And Marie, with tears falling plentifully on the bright ribbons at her breast, neither withdrew her hand nor rebuked Jean because his lips touched her cheek. Lise looked on, angry, and puzzled what to say.

"Marie," she began, warningly; but straightforward Pierre, leaning across the table, interposed:

"Marie and Jean will marry; why not you and I? Then we need not divide; the money will be for both."

"Bah!" said Lise. "Why should we be fools because they are?" Then, seeing that Marie and Jean had eyes and ears for no other than themselves, and noting Pierre's downcast looks, she was silent a moment.

"I can not but share with you. Marie prefers Jean," she said at last.

But Pierre, hurt by her words, rejoined coldly, "I have my trade, and you have nothing. Take the money. I have no need of it."

Lise, with averted face, dissented.

No. She could not do that.

"As you please. Keep the money for me, then."

"No, nor that."

"Ah, well!" said patient Pierre; "we must then divide. You have said we shall not marry."

Lise, contrary to the last, again shook her head.

No. She had not said that.

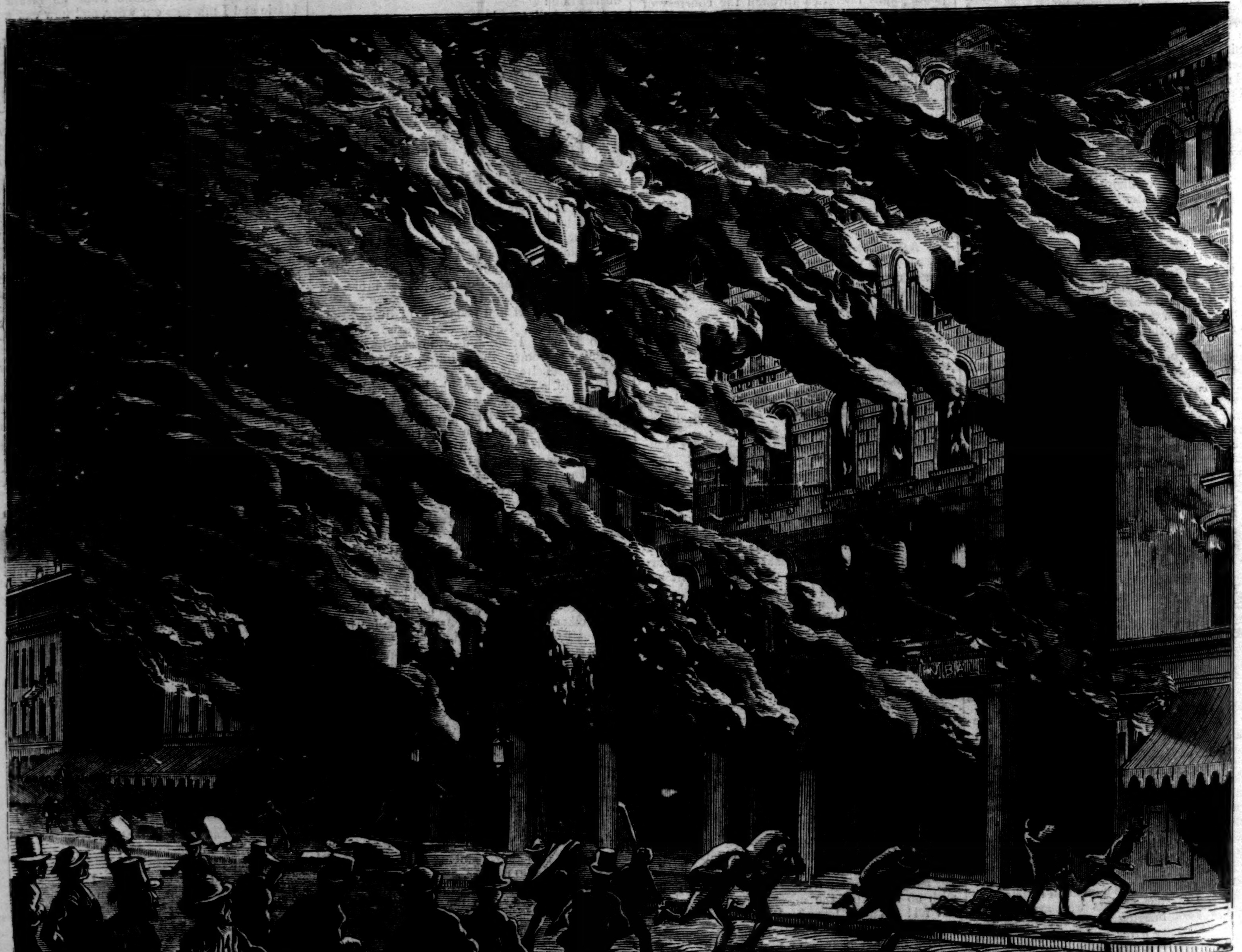
"And shall we, then, Lise?"

"Ah, bah! if we must."

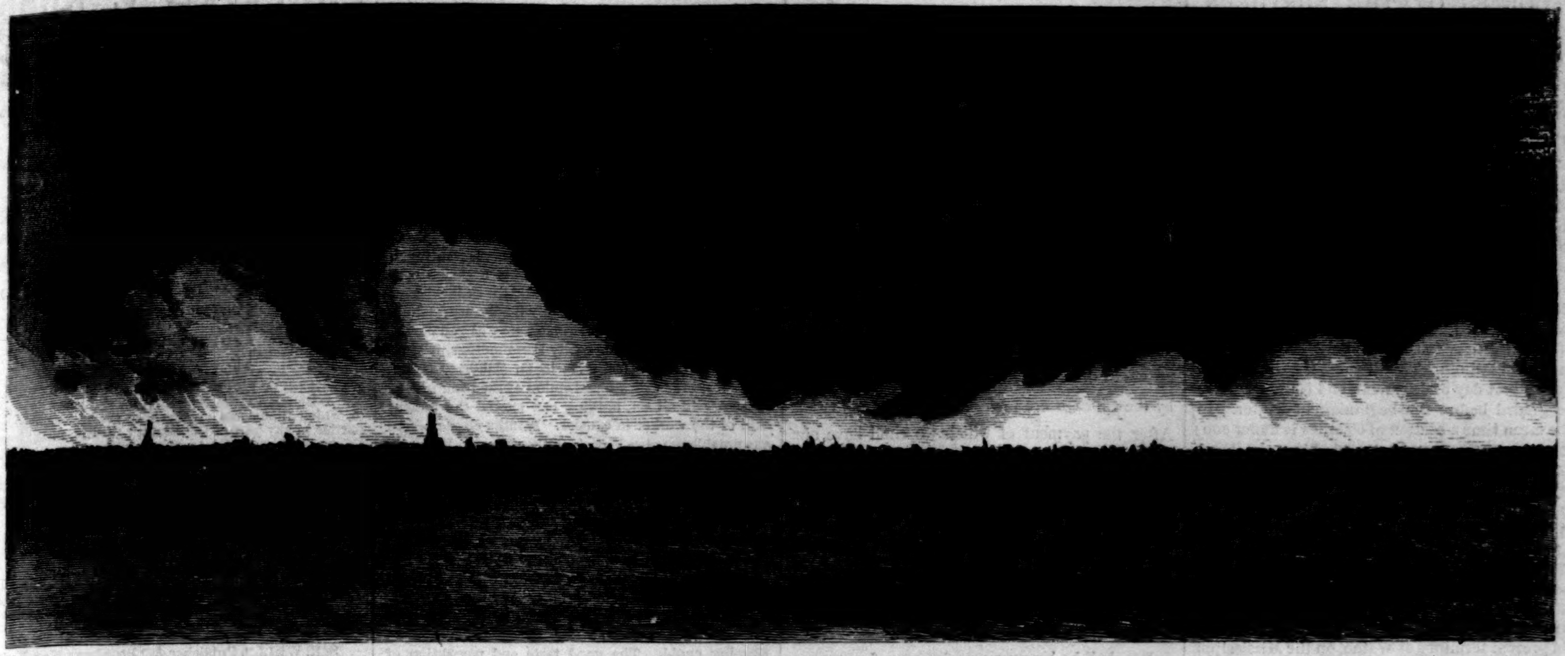
The notary, Livournay, was by no means surprised to receive a visit from Jean and Pierre at an early hour the next morning. Placing his pen behind his ear, he listened blandly to Jean's brief account of the settlement of yesterday's question.

"Excellent!" said the little notary. "Charming! See, now, how a little mistake may help the happiness of others!"

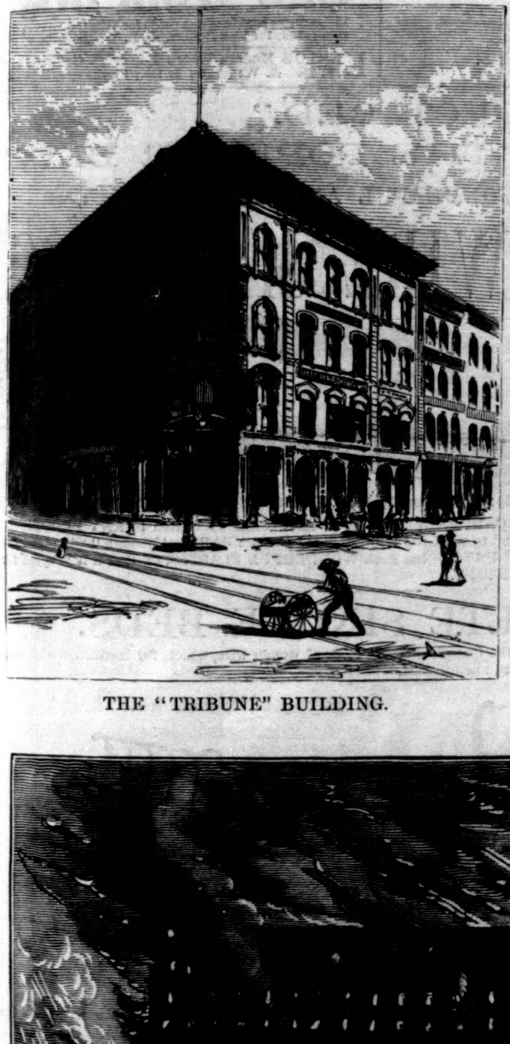
CHICAGO IN FLAMES—BURNING OF THE CHAMBER OF COMMERCE.—[See Page 1010.]



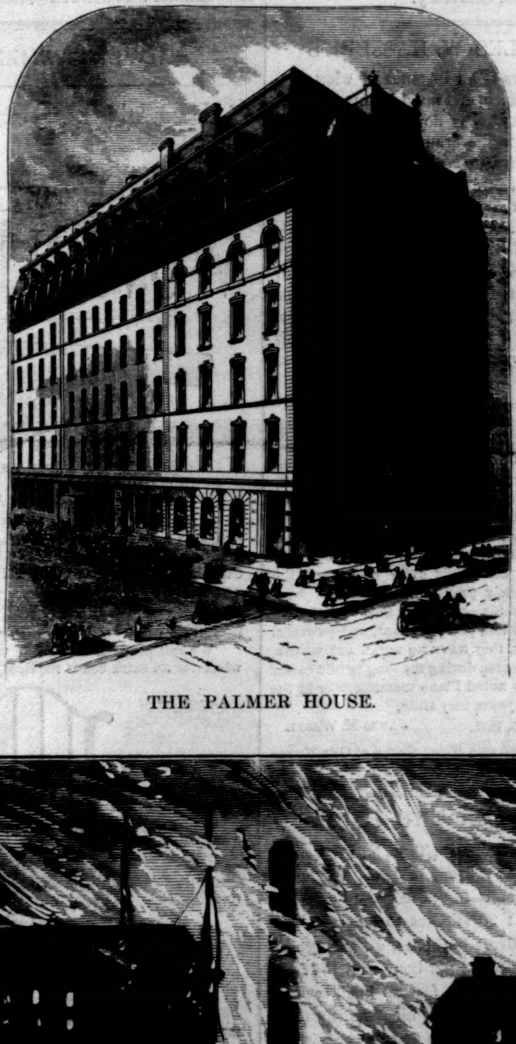
CHICAGO IN FLAMES—BURNING OF THE CROSBY OPERA-HOUSE.—[See Page 1010.]



THE GREAT CONFLAGRATION, AS SEEN FROM THE PRAIRIE.—[Sketched by John R. Chapin.]



THE "TRIBUNE" BUILDING.



THE PALMER HOUSE.

THE SHEPARD BLOCK, DEARBORN STREET.

BURNING OF THE CENTRAL GRAIN-ELEVATORS AT THE MOUTH OF THE CHICAGO RIVER.—[From a Sketch by H. Smith.]

THE BURNING OF CHICAGO.—[See Page 1010.]

PROGRESS OF THE NORTHERN PACIFIC RAILROAD.

Messrs Jay Cooke & Co., the financial agents of the Northern Pacific Railroad, furnish the following gratifying facts regarding the prosperous progress of this enterprise:

The track is now about completed across the State of Minnesota, 250 miles, the grade being wholly finished, and the track-layers approaching the Red River at the rate of three miles a day. Regular trains are running over the completed sections.

In the latter part of September contracts were let for the construction of the Dakota division, extending 200 miles westward, from the crossing of the Red River to the crossing of the Missouri. in central Dakota. This division is to be finished by the first day of July next, and 50 miles are to be graded before the beginning of winter. In the mean time a section of 65 miles is under construction between the Columbia River and Puget Sound, in Washington Territory, where track laying is rapidly progressing.

It will be remembered that the Northern Pacific Company last year purchased both the Main Line and Branch of the St Paul and Pacific Road Within the last three months the Main Line has been completed, through a noble country, to the Red River at Breckenridge. Contracts were last week let for the continuation of the Branch from its present terminus at Watab, on the Mississippi River, 70 miles northward, to Brainerd, where it will join the trunk line of the Northern Pacific. Finally, contracts have been let for the construction of a branch road from St. Cloud (75 miles north of St. Paul) to Pembina, on the British border, a distance of 375 miles. This line is to be completed within fifteen months of the present time. It will drain the richest portions of the Red River Valley, open direct communication with the British settlements of Winnipeg and the rich Saskatchewan Basin. It will also serve as the southeastern arm of the Northern Pacific Road, reaching to St Paul and Minneapolis, and thus connecting with Chicago and the trunk lines to the east.

The completion of these contracts will give the Northern Pacific Company, at the close of next year, 900 miles of road in the fertile and prosperous State of Minnesota; it will carry the trunk line of the great thoroughfare nearly one-third of its distance across the continent, and will bring to the Northern Pacific Road the large and profitable traffic of Montana and the Government transportation of the upper Missouri.

It is anticipated that this business alone, without waiting for through trade, will meet the interest on the cost of the finished portion of the road. The Hudson's Bay Company has already leased docks and warehouses at Duluth, preparatory to doing the whole of its immense business over the Northern Pacific Line.

Settlers are occupying the lands along the route with surprising and gratifying rapidity.

About the 1st of January next nearly Two Million Acres of the finest lands in Minnesota will be placed in market by the Northern Pacific Railroad Company, and the proceeds of their sale will be used to purchase and cancel the Company's 7-30 Bonds. The Company's lands in Minnesota will much more than pay the cost of building the Minnesota Division of the road, and their sale will be rapid—indeed, many thousand acres have already been sold to actual settlers, in advance of being offered. The Company's lands west of Minnesota, through Dakota, prove to be of superb character, and will speedily come into market.

Owing to the rigid economy and perfect integrity with which all departments of the enterprise are managed, and the great reduction in cost of material within the last few years, the cost of construction and equipment proves to be considerably less per mile than the original estimates. For example, locomotives which cost $19,000 each when the Union and Central Pacific Roads were built are now sold at $12,000; best American rails, which during the war sold at about $100 per ton, now cost the Northern Pacific Company only about $78 per ton; right of way, and stone and timber material, which are usually large items in the cost of a new road, are furnished to the Northern Pacific gratuitously from the Government domain. The bearing that this greatly diminished cost of construction must have on the value and security of the Company's 7-30 Bonds will be apparent to any one.

The money is being furnished for the early completion of the Northern Pacific Road by the now rapid sale of its First-Mortgage 7-30 Bonds. Their absorption by investors has been very rapid during the last three months, and at the present rate of increase of sales the Company will soon be enabled to reduce the rate of interest on the remainder of its loan, or advance the price of the 7-30 bonds above par. These bonds have established their character as a first-class security, good evidence of which is the fact that they are being largely taken as an investment by many of the Savings Banks of New England and conservative moneyed institutions of other States. Since the success of the United States Five per Cent. Loan very many holders of Five-Twenties have taken advantage of the favorable opportunity to exchange their Government Bonds for Northern Pacifics, at a large profit. These exchanges are increasing in volume in all parts of the country.

Steadily, and with even greater rapidity than was anticipated by its projectors, this great thoroughfare is advancing across the continent, opening as it progresses the finest belt of undeveloped country in America Every phase of the enterprise is in the most satisfactory condition, its complete success was long since assured, and its early completion is now a certainty.

OFFICE OF THE

HANOVER FIRE INSURANCE CO.,

No. 120 Broadway, New York,
October 12th, 1871.

In view of the intense feeling existing relative to the standing of Fire Insurance Companies, we take pleasure in saying to our friends and the public that we have telegraphed to our agents to draw at sight in settlement of all losses by the Chicago fire as fast as they are adjusted. After the payment of which we shall have our Capital intact and a surplus of over $125,000, leaving our Cash Assets over $525,000.

Cash Capital	$400,000
Surplus, Oct. 1st, 1871	350,000
Gross Assets	$750,000
Loss at Chicago not to exceed	225,000
Cash Assets, Oct. 11th, 1871, over	$525,000

We shall be happy to receive your favors.

B. S. Walcott, *President.*

I. Remsen Lane, *Secretary.*

MR. CHARLES W. HASSLER'S

Success in business is an instance of what perseverance, intelligence, and integrity may accomplish. Mr. Hassler has devoted his personal attention to the specific branch of the Banking and Brokerage business relating to Railroad Bonds, and there is probably no one better posted than he is in all that appertains to them. His well-known advertisement, "Railroad Bonds—Whether you wish to buy or sell, write to Charles W. Hassler, No. 7 Wall Street, New York," has attracted attention in all parts of the country, and largely increased his business. "Write to" him if you wish any thing in his line.—*Henry Ward Beecher's Christian Union*, Sept. 7th, 1871.

WHAT JAMES M. WEHLI THINKS.

A. Weber, Esq.: *Dear Sir*,—Before leaving London Madame Parepa drew my attention to your Pianos, which were then unknown to me. Permit me now to congratulate you upon the success of your instruments, which you kindly placed at the disposal of Miss Kellogg and myself during her concert tour. They have been greatly admired by the public every where, and the press has unanimously pronounced them the *finest* Pianos in the United States. I fully *indorse that opinion*. For perfect action, pure, brilliant, and powerful tone, and durability, they have no rival any where, and I believe I have seen during my long public career the Pianos of every noted Piano manufacturer in the world. Believe me yours very truly,

New York, *May* 25, 1871. James M. Wehli.

Mr. Wehli has used one *Weber Grand* at One Hundred and Sixty Concerts.—[*Com.*]

EXAMPLE FOR THE LADIES.

Mrs. Mary R. Hubbard, Troy, N. Y., earned, with a Wheeler & Wilson, in 1868, $731 47; stitching 31,092 shirt-fronts, equal to 886,122 feet of seam. At 20 stitches to the inch, this would give 212,669,280 stitches, an average of 708,891 per day, 88,612 per hour, and 1477 per minute, or sixty times as fast as hand-sewing. Sixty years in one! Her machine has run three years by steam and three by foot-power without repair, and is as good as when bought.—[*Com.*]

SOLID GOLD AND SOLID SILVER.

We sell Waltham Watches in Gold and Silver Cases only, but at prices so low that there is no longer any inducement to purchase the worthless watches with which the country has been flooded. For full particulars and prices, send for our Illustrated Price-List, and mention *Harper's Weekly*.—HOWARD & CO., No. 865 Broadway, New York.—*The new "Boy's Watch" is now ready.*—[*Com.*]

Foreign Appreciation of American Chemists.—P. H. Malmsten, Professor of Chemistry and Medicine at Serafimer Hospital, Stockholm, writes, "I have tested Hall's Vegetable Sicilian Hair Renewer, and can say that it will beautifully restore gray hair to its natural color."—[*Com.*]

Pyle's O.K. Soap, Saleratus, and Cream-Tartar, first-class household articles that will speak for themselves on trial, sold by all first-class Grocers. James Pyle, Manufacturer, 350 Washington St., N. Y.—[*Com.*]

Vegetine thoroughly eradicates every kind of humor, and restores the entire system to a healthy condition.—[*Com.*]

Burnett's Kalliston, for bites of Mosquitoes and other insects, neutralizes the poison.—[*Com.*]

Cameos.—To describe these wonderful productions—and they occupy the highest position in the marvels of glyptic Art—is to give almost the entire history of the world's esthetics. As lasting as precious stones, owing to the indestructible character of the material on which they are wrought, the most exquisite productions of Greek and Roman art have come down to us in as great perfection as when they left the artists' hands. A cameo is to be regarded as a picture, and subject to precisely the same standards of criticism; a sard onyx, or sardonyx, is the canvas, and on this hard and unyielding substance the artist exerts his skill. Two painters may use the same material, select the same model, but while one produces a miracle of beauty and truthfulness the work of the other is wanting in grace, delicacy, and sentiment. Take a cameo conceived in good taste and executed with skill, without the jeweler's art it fills the eye with beauty; take a poor production, mount it as elaborately as you please, and, notwithstanding its costly surroundings, it is no better than a wretched daub in an elaborate frame. Aside from the delicate perception of the beautiful, so necessary in all art, nothing can exceed the patient skill of the worker in cameos. Months elapse before any notable progress is made in the picture. Formerly subjects taken from the antique were only employed; but modern taste has widened the field, and portraits of historic characters, reproductions of the heads from the great masters of painting and sculpture, are much appreciated. Most especially in cameos did we find the establishment of Messrs. Starr & Marcus, of No. 22 John St., N. Y., up stairs, replete with the choicest productions of this beautiful art. We would notably call attention to a bracelet, a copy of the wonderful prize of the Parthenon, a Mary Queen of Scots, and a sleeping cupid. The good taste and perception of what is pure and chaste in art evinced in the selection was only equaled by the exquisite settings with which these miracles were adorned.—[*Com.*]

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OPEN THE SEASON with an immense Stock in SUITS, OVERCOATS, and CLOTHING of every description, for all ages and all occupations and occasions, to which they cordially invite the attention of purchasers. Any garment made to measure at few hours' notice.

Fall Overcoats, $5.
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CURE WITHOUT MEDICINE.—A New Book on Paralysis, Neuralgia, and other nervous affections. By George H. Taylor, M.D. Product of twenty years' successful practice. Price $1.
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$10 from 50 Cts

12 Samples sent (postage paid) for Fifty Cents, that retail easily for Ten Dollars. R. L. Wolcott. N.Y.

KEMLO'S Modern Watch Repairer's Guide. Price $1 25. A. Williams & Co., Publishers, Boston.

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"THE POPULAR BED,"
IS THE WONDERFUL AND BEAUTIFUL

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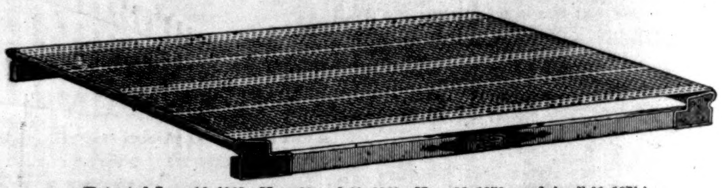

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CLEAN, NOISELESS, ELASTIC, DURABLE. Made of ANY SIZE, and fitted to ANY BEDSTEAD. Needs no under mattress. Warranted to need NO REPAIRS for FIVE YEARS. Although it will stand the weight of **1000** POUNDS for TEN DAYS, it has such WONDERFUL ELASTICITY that it is adapted for CHILDREN as well as OLDER PERSONS.

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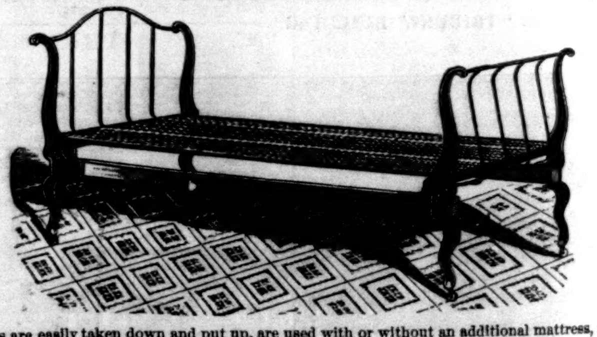
We call particular attention to the Complete Single Beds of woven wire, which, for Institution uses, and whenever an extra bed is required, are unsurpassed.



These beds are easily taken down and put up, are used with or without an additional mattress, and are the most perfect thing of the kind ever made. They are generally painted a rich "blue and gold."

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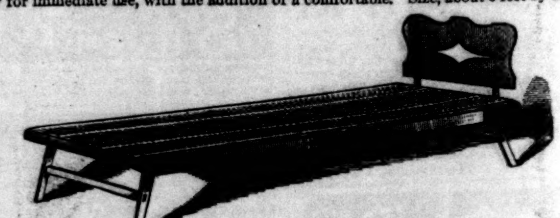

The Company manufacture a very large line of Woven Wire Goods for all sleeping purposes and uses: for *STEAMER BERTHS, SLEEPING CARS, BARRACKS, CAR SEATS, HOSPITALS, INSANE ASYLUMS,*

For sale every where. Ask for the Wonderful Woven Wire Mattress, and TAKE NO OTHER.

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BOSTON READERS! ASK FOR THE BED.

☞ *Read the quotation from "Every Saturday" beneath the engraving on page 1016.*

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TOYS,

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Parlor Ornaments, latest novelties in Toys, Fancy and Ornamental Goods constantly arriving to supply the general demand.

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Challenges the world in perfection of work, strength and beauty of stitch, durability of construction, and rapidity of motion. Call and examine. Send for circular. Agents wanted.
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All from breaking a kerosene glass lamp.

THE ORIENT SAFETY LAMPS,

Entirely of metal, are the only lamps in use which can neither break, leak, nor explode. Are ornamental and cheap. Adapted to all household uses; also to stores, factories, chandeliers, &c. Had this been used instead of the ever fatal glass, 1000 lives, $200,000,000 of property, and a now desolated city would have been spared.

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Manufactured by WALLACE & SONS,
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☞ **FACTS FOR THE PEOPLE.** ☜

☞ SEE the prices at which four of the leading Sewing Machines are sold in the UNITED STATES, and ENGLAND.

	Price in England.	In the U. S.
Wheeler & Wilson	**$45.00**	**$85.00**
New Singer - -	**32.50**	**65.00**
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Wilson Shuttle -	**40.00**	**45.00**

The above Prices are for exactly the same classes of machines as sold in both Countries. There is scarcely any difference in the cost of material and labor in any of the above named machines.

☞ **AFFIDAVIT.—W. G. Wilson, President** of the **Wilson Sewing Machine Co**., personally appeared before me, and made oath that the above prices are correct, and taken by him from Circulars published in the **United States** and **England** under the corporate names of the Companies manufacturing said machines.
FRED. SMITH,
Clerk of the Court of Common Pleas of Cuyahoga Co., O.

The Wilson Sewing Machines are for Sale in most every County in the United States, and
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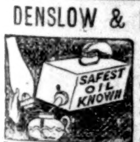
DENSLOW & BUSH'S "SAFETY" OIL



Will not explode! Safest and purest oil known! Fire test over 150°. A lighted lamp may be upset and broken without fear of explosion or fire. Urgently recommended by the Fire Underwriters of N. Y. For sale by all Grocers and Druggists in the U. S. Denslow & Bush, 130 Maiden Lane, N. Y.; 40 India St., Boston; 34 S. Calvert St., Baltimore; 51 S. Water St., Chicago.

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A BOTTLE OF MAGNETIC CURLIQUE sent **Free** for 50 cents. It curls straight hair in beautiful curls on the first application, and will remain in curl ten days.
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BILLIARD TABLE at HOME for $20! Full size Cues and Balls. No Extra Room required! Diagram mailed Free. ABBOT & NICHOLLS, 95 Liberty St., West, New York.

Office of the PHENIX INSURANCE COMPANY,

No. 173 BROADWAY,

New York, *October 11th*, 1871.

We are happy to inform the public that the Phenix Insurance Company of Brooklyn will pay ALL her losses in the Chicago fire out of her net surplus over all liabilities, leaving her sound and anxious for business.

Our condition on October 1st, 1871, was as follows:

Cash Capital	**$1,000,000 00**
Gross Surplus	**858,755 45**
	$1,858,755 45
Loss, etc., adjusted but not due, Oct. 1st, 1871	**93,736 33**
	$1,765,019 12
Chicago losses will not exceed, in any event	**$350,000 00**
And we are firmly of the opinion that the loss will not exceed	**$300,000 00**

The Phenix Insurance Company of Brooklyn are to-day sound and solvent, and will pay all their loss in the Chicago fire out of their net surplus. They dispatched a corps of Adjusters to the scene of disaster yesterday evening, with instructions to settle all losses and pay the same in CASH.

We congratulate our patrons and ourselves on our good fortune.

STEPHEN CROWELL, President.

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TARRED SHEATHING,
For outside of Studding, under Clap-boards. A non-conductor of cold, heat, and dampness.

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A cheap and perfect substitute for lath and plaster; makes a smooth, warm, and substantial wall, at less than half the usual cost.

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PORTABILITY combined with great power in FIELD, MARINE, TOURISTS', OPERA, and general out-door day and night double perspective glasses; will show objects distinctly at from two to six miles. Eye-glasses and Spectacles of the greatest transparent power, to strengthen and improve the sight without the distressing result of frequent changes. Catalogues sent free on receipt of 3-cent stamp. SEMMONS,
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Jos. Gillott

STEEL PENS.

American Branch of House,
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EMBOSSED DOG COLLARS.

An improved style of Dog Collar, made of Oroide, and embossed with fancy patterns, which prevents their becoming tarnished or scratched. Also, German silver, silver-plated, and bronzed.
Manufactured by W. T. & J. MERSEREAU,
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Sold by all first-class dealers.

THEA-NECTAR
IS A PURE
BLACK TEA,
with the *Green-Tea Flavor*. Warranted to suit all tastes. *For sale every where.* And for sale wholesale only by the **Great Atlantic & Pacific Tea Co., 8** Church St., N.Y. P.O. Box **5506**. *Send for Thea-Nectar Circular.*

GLYCERINE CAKE.

Rawolle's Toilet Glycerine Cake is unequaled for Washing, Shaving, Shampooing, Tooth Soap, and Baby Wash; produces a clear, soft, white skin, and prevents pimples and chapping. Warranted over one-half pure Glycerine. For sale by druggists. Marx & Rawolle, Manufacturers of Glycerine, 179 William St., New York.

A Great Offer.—HORACE WATERS, 481 Broadway, N. Y., will dispose of One Hundred Pianos, Melodeons, and Organs, of six first-class makers, including Waters', at extremely low prices, for cash, during this month, or will take a portion cash and balance in monthly or quarterly installments.

SILVER WHITE
Brilliancy and Polish attained by using
A cleaning Silver and Plated Ware

Removes tarnish quickly, without injury to the goods. Sold by Jewelers, Druggists, Grocers, Furnishing Stores &c. S. M. MILLER Sole Proprietor, 35 Liberty Street, N.Y. Send stamp for sample.

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Paralytics should send stamp for our New Circular on the Nature and Cure of Paralysis. **Full Instructions for Home Treatment.** Address R. N. TOOKER, M.D., 117 East Fifth St., Cincinnati, O.

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Cheapest and Best Portable Presses.

MEN AND BOYS MAKING MONEY.

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VINEGAR—how made—of Cider, Wine, or Sorgo, in 10 hours. F. SAGE, Cromwell, Conn.

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RIFLES, Shot-Guns, Revolvers, Gun Material. Write for Price-List, to Great Western Gun Works, Pittsburgh, Pa. Army Guns, Revolvers, &c., bought or traded for. *Agents wanted.*

LOOK! One package of Prof. Hill's Magic Compound will force the beard to grow thick and heavy on the smoothest face (without injury) in 21 days, in every case, or money refunded; 25 cents a package, postpaid; three for 50 cents. Address H. BYRON & CO., Garrettsville, Ohio.

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Warranted a perfect cure for all kinds of Piles, Leprosy, Scrofula, Cancer, Salt-Rheum, Dyspepsia, Catarrh, Neuralgia, and all diseases of the Skin and Blood. Entirely vegetable. Send and receive back your money in all cases of failure. No failures for 18 years. $1 a bottle; sold every where.
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A premium HORSE and WAGON for Agents. We desire to employ agents for a term of seven years, to sell the Buckeye $20 00 Shuttle Sewing Machines. It makes a stitch alike on both sides, and is the best low-priced licensed machine in the world. W. A. HENDERSON & CO., Cleveland, Ohio, or St. Louis, Mo.

$12 to $24 A DAY.

Agents wanted in every County in the United States to sell a newly patented article of great utility and absolutely needed in every household. For further particulars, address The Champion M'f'g Co, Cleveland, Ohio.

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A Large Assortment of
PARIS AND BERLIN MADE SUITS IN SILKS, POPLIN, SATINE AND VELVET FABRICS, HANDSOMELY TRIMMED AND VERY STYLISH, $25 EACH AND UPWARD.
Richly Embroidered Velvet, Cashmere, and Cloth
SACQUES AND POLONAISES,
SEAL-SKIN SACQUES, MUFFS, &c.,
at very attractive prices.
RICH LACES.
Real India Camel's-Hair Shawls,
From $50 each upward.
LADIES' AND MISSES'
PARIS-MADE HATS,
FEATHERS, FLOWERS, &c., &c.
Very choice and elegant
MISSES' AND CHILDREN'S PARIS AND LONDON MADE
DRESSES,
IN VELVET, SILK, POPLIN, &c.,
Most tastefully and stylishly trimmed.
AN IMMENSE STOCK OF
FALL AND WINTER SILKS,
Cloth Colors, with
VELVETS TO MATCH,
At Unusually Low Prices.
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Alexandre's Celebrated Kid Gloves,
1, 2, 3, 4, and 6 Buttons, &c., &c.,
Forming the LARGEST, CHOICEST, & CHEAPEST ASSORTMENT in this city.
A visit of inspection is requested.

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FANCY WOODS AND BOARDS,

Have in store the finest assortment ever seen, particularly
FRENCH VENEERS, HUNGARIAN ASH, &c.,
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For SALE, one of the best and largest VENEER-CUTTING MACHINES in the country.
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The Volumes of the Magazine commence with the Numbers for June and December of each year. Subscriptions may commence with any Number. When no time is specified, it will be understood that the subscriber wishes to begin with the first Number of the current Volume, and back Numbers will be sent accordingly.

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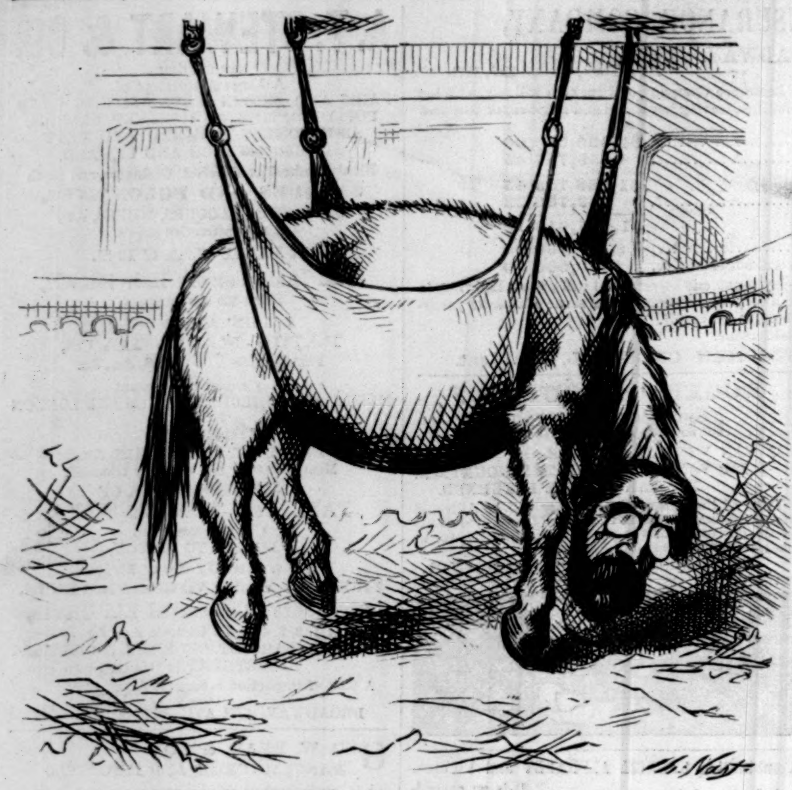


"OUR MARE STILL LIVES."

☞ THE BED OF THE FUTURE.

Nowhere does a man seek for more ease than when he retires wearied to his bed-chamber at night, and endeavors to forget his troubles in sleep. It is not astonishing, then, that when we are told that a fertile brain has discovered something which has put to flight all the horrors of "feathers," whilst retaining their yielding softness; which, by a little manipulation, can be made to suit those who like to be buried in down, as well as those whose tastes are more ascetic; which, in fact, invites sweet sleep—healthy, refreshing, luxurious; when we are told all this, it is not surprising that we hasten to make the invention of this benefactor of humanity the success it deserves to be. This fortune has attended the Woven Wire Mattress, manufactured at Hartford, Conn. First offered to the public a year and a half ago, it has been at once hailed as the greatest boon to the sleepless, the weary, the invalid, and the hard-worker, which modern science has produced. Many of the leading hospitals have already adopted it as contributing greatly to the convalescence of patients, and it is destined unquestionably to come into general use. Let the readers of this paper write to the Woven Wire Mattress Co., at Hartford, Conn., for further information.—*Every Saturday*, Oct. 14, 1871. ☞ Read the illustrated notice on page 1014 of this paper.

NOTICE.—Buyers of Goods under the names of *Wamsutta Prints, Checks, Lindseys, Cambrics, Ticks*, and *Silesias*, are hereby informed that all such goods are not manufactured at the Wamsutta Mills. We limit our Name and the Wamsutta Ticket to our **Bleached Shirtings and Sheetings.** We have, in addition to our former Trade-Mark, adopted the following, which will in all cases appear with this notice.

New Bedford, Mass., *June 1st*, 1867.

Thos. Bennett Jr. Agent
Wamsutta Mills.

Office of Wamsutta Mills, New Bedford, *September 1st*, 1871.

It has been the constant endeavor of our Company for more than twenty years to improve the quality of the goods of our manufacture; so that our fabrics are fully equal to any in the market. We have just completed a New Mill, supplied with machinery of the most approved kinds, and have also added to the machinery in the mills previously built all the latest improvements; so that we are now making our goods finer, heavier, and handsomer than ever before.

The goods are of the full width represented, and not on a basis of 35 inches for a yard.

All the Standard Goods bear our Ticket and the above Trade-Mark, and may be relied on for quality and quantity, and as of our manufacture.

The Agents for the sale of our goods to Jobbers and Wholesale Dealers are

ALMY & COMPANY, New York, 65 Leonard Street, cor. Church.
" " Boston, 38 Franklin Street.
CADBURY, THOMAS, & CO., Philadelphia, 221 Chestnut Street.
CHASE, STEWART, & CO., Baltimore, 27 German Street.

JOSEPH GRINNELL, *President*.
ANDREW G. PIERCE, *Treasurer*. THOS. BENNETT, Jr., *Agent*.

TARRANT'S SELTZER APERIENT.

TREAT THE HUMAN MACHINE GENTLY.

The winding passage thirty feet in length through which the main portion of the waste matter of the system is discharged is lined with a membrane as delicate as silk and as sensitive as a network of nerves can make it. Neither constipation, colic, diarrhœa, dysentery, nor any other bowel complaint can be cured by abusing and convulsing this tender membrane with a furious purgative. The best and safest remedy in such cases is that mild balsamic and delightful tonic laxative,

TARRANT'S EFFERVESCENT SELTZER APERIENT,

which heals, tones, and invigorates the irritated intestines, while it relieves them from the morbid humors which provoke abdominal disease.

SOLD BY ALL DRUGGISTS.

MARTIN KALBFLEISCH'S SONS,
(ESTABLISHED 1829),
MANUFACTURING CHEMISTS,
Fulton & Cliff Sts., New York.

Acids of all kinds, Alum, Blue Vitriol, Copperas, Ammonia, Ether, Salts of Silver, Gold, Tin, Copper, Iron, Lead, Nickel, Mercury, Potassium, Sodium, &c. Fine and Photographic Chemicals generally.

☞ Price Current by mail to any address.

THE EXPEDITIOUS CALCULATOR,

A book showing at a glance, without calculation, the solid contents of any Cubical Box, Package, or Stone; of Casks, and of round Timber. With a cut Index. Mailed free on receipt of price, $2 25. New Edition just issued. BLUNT & CO., 16 Burling Slip, N. Y. P.O. Box 1585.

BUILDERS and all who contemplate building, supplied with descriptive circular of "Village Builder." Address A. J. BICKNELL & CO., Publishers, 27 Warren St., N.Y.

CHICAGO FIRE.

TELEGRAPHIC ADVICES

FROM THE

ANDES,
ALEMANNIA,
AND
ENTERPRISE

INSURANCE COMPANIES,
SHOW THEM TO BE

ALL RIGHT.

Their comparatively SMALL LOSSES (owing to the fact that they had been doing business in Chicago only a few months, and that rates were inadequate to the risks) will be

PROMPTLY ADJUSTED AND PAID,

leaving their entire capital unimpaired.

PRINDLE & MANGAM, Agents,
150 BROADWAY, N.Y.

DEVLIN & Co
CLOTHIERS
BROADWAY & GRAND ST
BROADWAY & WARREN ST
NEW-YORK.

DIRECT FROM ROME.

Roman Sashes,

SCARFS AND TIES.

New Goods, Just Opened.

UNION ADAMS & CO.,

No. 637 Broadway.

AGENTS WANTED To sell our Sliding-Guage Button-Hole Cutter. Cuts to any size desired. Will sell every where at sight. 200 per cent. profit; samples prepaid, 25c. *Crescent B. H. C. Co., 723 Jayne St., Philadelphia, Pa.*

FEATHER BRUSHES.

All brushes bearing the "Star" brand are warranted superior to any other Feather goods now offered.

BRADLEY & SMITH, 251 Pearl St., New York, Largest Brush House in the United States (as per Internal Revenue Reports).

STARR & MARCUS,

No. 22 JOHN ST.
(UP STAIRS), N. Y.,
MAKE A SPECIALTY OF THE
GORHAM M'F'G COMPANY'S
STERLING SILVER-WARE.

Especial attention is requested to the many new and elegant pieces manufactured expressly to our order the past year, and quite recently completed.

An unusually attractive assortment of novelties in fancy silver, cased for wedding gifts, of an inexpensive character.

The works of the Gorham Company are very extensive, enabling them to employ the most accomplished talent in designing, skill in producing, and the best labor-saving machinery and method of manufacture, thus reducing the cost and bringing these beautiful wares within the reach of almost every purchaser.

The standard of this Silver is that of British Sterling, 925-1000.

SHIRTS.

J. W. Johnston,
260 GRAND STREET, New York,

Also, Hosiery and Men's Furnishing Goods. Six superior Dress Shirts made to measure, of Wamsutta XX muslin, for $15 and upward, according to the linen.
☞ Six fine Dress Shirts of Masonville Muslin for $12.
☞ Six good " " Harris " " $9.

To gentlemen residing outside of New York a good fit will be guaranteed by sending the following measurements in inches: Size of Collar worn; measure from centre of Shoulder along arm to Knuckle of small finger; around Chest, Waist, and Wrist. State number of Plaits; if for Studs, Spirals, or Buttons; style of Cuff.
☞ The Trade supplied with Dress Shirts to Order.

$290 For first-class Pianos—Sent on trial—No Ag'ts. Address U. S. PIANO CO., 865 B'dway, N. Y.

THE NEW CITY HALL AT DETROIT, MICHIGAN.

The new City Hall, just completed, at Detroit, Michigan, furnishes a good example of what a public building should be, and in what manner it ought to be built. Taken in connection with the as yet unfinished Court-house in New York, it furnishes matter for profitable, if not pleasant, consideration. The Detroit City Hall occupies the centre of an open space about as large as our Madison Square. It is built of a light sandstone, quarried near Cleveland, Ohio. It is fire-proof throughout, the beams being of iron, and the floors laid upon brick arches. It is in the so-called Italian style, three stories high, besides basement and Mansard-roof. Each side is properly a front, all being treated in a harmonious manner, the opposite fronts being precisely alike. The dimensions are 200 feet by 90; height from street to cornice, 66 feet; from street to summit of tower, 180 feet. It has thus just about one-half the area of the New York Court-house; but as there is no space thrown away, as in the rotunda of our Court-house, and as both basement and Mansard may be partially used for offices, if required, the actual available room is fully two-thirds of that in our Court-house.

The foundation of the building was laid in 1867, at a cost, in round numbers, of $64,000. The contract for building was taken for $379,000, with a bonus for completion at an earlier date than agreed upon. Before the building was finished it was decided to add to the original design a Mansard-roof, at a farther cost of $35,000. The foundation having been completed, the corner-stone was laid August 6, 1868. The building, completely furnished, was taken possession of by the city in July, 1871.

The illustration which we give furnishes a fair view of the general aspect of the exterior, although it necessarily fails to represent the fine workmanship which characterizes every part. The whole structure is solid and massive, the treatment of the stone varying somewhat in each story. The fitting up, including furniture and carpets, is certainly better than in our Court-house. The rooms appropriated to the several courts are finer in appearance, and better adapted to the purposes designed than the corresponding ones in our Court-house. There is not a single room or hall which needs to be artificially lighted from sunrise to sunset.

The building is completely finished and furnished throughout, even to clock and bell. The bills have all been sent in, audited, and paid, with the exception of a part of a sum of $21,000 for ornamenting the grounds, and the whole of this is included in the statement which we give. The following table, furnished by the Comptroller of the city, exhibits to a dollar the entire cost of the building and its furniture and fitting up:

THE NEW CITY HALL AT DETROIT, MICHIGAN.

Foundation	$64,027 09	
Contract for building	379,518 00	
Change of roof	35,000 00	
Bonus for early completion	3,000 00	
Extras	11,401 00	
Total cost of building		$492,946 09
Heating apparatus	$20,400 00	
Sidewalks around hall	7,000 00	
Ornamenting grounds	21,000 00	
Clock	2,850 00	
Bell	2,781 00	
Furniture	35,775 65	
Gas fixtures	4,175 90	
Carpets	5,306 26	
Total cost of fitting up, etc.		$99,288 81
Entire cost of building and fitting		$592,234 90

Some of these items invite comparison with the corresponding ones in our New York Court-house. We paid $750,000 for plumbing and gas-work. Assuming that the heating apparatus should be included in the charge for plumbing, Detroit paid $24,500. Our furniture cost $1,575,000; Detroit has, indeed, about half as much in quantity, but paid for it only $35,000. So that, according to the respective bills, furniture in New York costs just twenty-two and a half times as much as it does in Detroit. In carpeting the discrepancy is still greater. For this we paid $356,000; Detroit, using something more than half the quantity, paid $5300. That is, for each yard of carpeting used by us we paid between thirty and forty times more than it should have cost us. It is stated, under oath, by men whose business it is to furnish carpets, that they would engage to supply for $12,000 just the quality and quantity for which our Ring and its tools have received $356,000. Under the head of "repairs" to a building yet unfinished, we have paid about two and a quarter million dollars. The only charge at all analogous in the Detroit finished building is eleven thousand dollars for "extras." Such items as Mr. GARVEY'S bills of $531,000 for "plastering," and those of $320,000 for "painting and decorating," are in the Detroit building mere incidentals, not separately reckoned, in the contractor's account of $414,000, all told.

In a word, for less than $600,000 Detroit has a City Hall, completed and furnished, of nominally a half but really of quite two-thirds the dimensions of our Court-house. Their building is finer in design and built of better material than our Court-house. We have already paid fully $12,000,000, and all we have to show for it is an unfinished structure, mean in design, poor in material and construction, looking dilapidated before the roof was put on; with court-rooms in which the jury can hardly hear the judge or witnesses; with halls which must be artificially lighted at mid-day; and every way a disgrace to architect, contractors, and superintendents. Could we to-day evenly exchange our twelve million unfinished monstrosity for a counterpart of the Detroit building, which has cost less than a twentieth part of that sum, we should be gainers. Of the twelve millions which

AFLOAT—ON DECK.

ASHORE—IN A SNUG BERTH, AS A TAMMANY OFFICE-HOLDER.

AFLOAT AND ASHORE.—[SEE PAGE 1019.]

we have paid for our Court-house, not less than nine millions have been absolutely stolen, while fully another million has been wasted by the stupidity and incompetence of those who had the work in charge. Were our Court-house to be this day absolutely destroyed, it could (which Heaven forbid should be done) be replaced, exactly as it stands, for two millions of dollars.

New York has, indeed, twelve times the population of Detroit; but this fact hardly affords a reason why we should pay thirty or forty times as much for a yard of carpeting. TWEED, HALL, CONNOLLY, and SWEENY, GARVEY, MILLER, INGERSOLL, and KEYSER, may possibly be metropolitan luxuries, for the enjoyment of which we should be content to pay a fair price; but at the rate they have cost us, we have been paying quite too dear. We suppose we must make up our minds to economize. There can be no better point at which to begin than to dispense with our costly Ring.

LORD KILGOBBIN.

BY CHARLES LEVER.

Author of "That Boy of Norcott's," "The Bramleighs of Bishop's Folly," "Sir Brooke Fossbrooke," "A Day's Ride," "One of Them," "Gerald Fitzgerald," etc., etc.

CHAPTER XLVIII.

HOW MEN IN OFFICE MAKE LOVE.

"Is it true they have captured Donogan?" said Nina, coming hurriedly into the library, where Walpole was busily engaged with his correspondence, and sat before a table covered not only with official documents, but a number of printed placards and handbills.

He looked up, surprised at her presence, and by the tone of familiarity in her question, for which he was in no way prepared, and for a second or two actually stared at without answering her.

"Can't you tell me? Are they correct in saying he has been caught?" cried she, impatiently.

"Very far from it. There are the police returns up to last night from Meath, Kildare, and Dublin; and though he was seen at Naas, passed some hours in Dublin, and actually attended a night meeting at Kells, all trace of him has been since lost, and he has completely baffled us. By the Viceroy's orders I am now doubling the reward for his apprehension, and am prepared to offer a free pardon to any who shall give information about him who may not actually have committed a felony."

"Is he so very dangerous, then?"

"Every man who is so daring is dangerous here. The people have a sort of idolatry for reckless courage. It is not only that he has ventured to come back to the country where his life is sacrificed to the law, but he declares openly he is ready to offer himself as a representative for an Irish county, and to test in his own person whether the English will have the temerity to touch the man—the choice of the Irish people."

"He *is* bold," said she, resolutely.

"And I trust he will pay for his boldness! Our law officers are prepared to treat him as a felon, irrespective of all claim to his character as a member of Parliament."

"The danger will not deter him."

"You think so?"

"I know it," was the calm reply.

"Indeed!" said he, bending a steady look at her. "What opportunities, might I ask, have you had to form this same opinion?"

"Are not the public papers full of him? Have we not an almost daily record of his exploits? Do not your own rewards for his capture impart an almost fabulous value to his life?"

"His portrait, too, may lend some interest to his story," said he, with a half-sneering smile. "They say this is very like him." And he handed a photograph as he spoke.

"This was done in New York," said she, turning to the back of the card, the better to hide an emotion she could not entirely repress.

"Yes, done by a brother Fenian long since in our pay."

"How base all that sounds! How I detest such treachery!"

"How deal with treason without it? Is it like him?" asked he, artlessly.

"How should I know?" said she, in a slightly hurried tone. "It is not like the portrait in the *Illustrated News*."

"I wonder which is the more like," added he, thoughtfully, "and I fervently hope we shall soon know. There is not a man he confides in who has not engaged to betray him."

"I trust you feel proud of your achievement."

"No, not proud, but very anxious for its success. The perils of this country are too great for mere sensibilities. He who would extirpate a terrible disease must not fear the knife."

"Not if he even kill the patient?" asked she.

"That might happen, and would be to be deplored," said he, in the same unmoved tone. "But might I ask whence has come all this interest for this cause, and how have you learned so much sympathy with these people?"

"I read the newspapers," said she, dryly.

"You must read those of only one color, then," said he, slyly; "or perhaps it is the tone of comment you hear about you. Are your sentiments such as you daily listen to from Lord Kilgobbin and his family?"

"I don't know that they are. I suspect I'm more of a rebel than he is; but I'll ask him, if you wish it."

"On no account, I entreat you. It would compromise me seriously to hear such a discussion, even in jest. Remember who I am, mademoiselle, and the office I hold."

"Your great frankness, Mr. Walpole, makes me sometimes forget both," said she, with well-acted humility.

"I wish it would do something more," said he, eagerly. "I wish it would inspire a little emulation, and make you deal as openly with *me* as I long to do with *you*."

"It might embarrass you very much, perhaps."

"As how?" asked he, with a touch of tenderness in his voice.

For a second or two she made no answer, and then, faltering at each word, she said, "What if some rebel leader—this man Donogan, for instance—drawn toward you by some secret magic of trustfulness—moved by I know not what need of your sympathy—for there is such a craving void now and then felt in the heart—should tell you some secret thought of his nature—something that he could utter alone to himself, would you bring yourself to use it against him? Could you turn round and say, 'I have your inmost soul in my keeping. You are mine now—mine—mine?"

"Do I understand you aright?" said he, earnestly. "Is it just possible, even possible, that you have that to confide to me which would show that you regard me as a dear friend?"

"Oh, Mr. Walpole!" burst she out, passionately, "do not by the great power of *your* intellect seek the mastery over *mine*. Let the loneliness and isolation of my life here rather appeal to you to pity, than suggest the thought of influencing and dominating me."

"Would that I might. What would I not give or do to have that power that you speak of?"

"Is this true?" said she.

"It is."

"Will you swear it?"

"Most solemnly."

She paused for a moment, and a slight tremor shook her mouth; but whether the motion expressed a sentiment of acute pain or a movement of repressed sarcasm, it was very difficult to determine.

"What is it, then, that you would swear?" asked she, calmly, and even coldly.

"Swear that I have no hope so high, no ambition so great, as to win your heart."

"Indeed! And that other heart that you have won, what is to become of it?"

"Its owner has recalled it. In fact, it was never in *my* keeping but as a loan."

"How strange! At least, how strange to me this sounds. I, in my ignorance, thought that people pledged their very lives in these bargains."

"So it ought to be, and so it would be, if this world were not a web of petty interests and mean ambitions; and these, I grieve to say, will find their way into hearts that should be the home of very different sentiments. It was of this order was that compact with my cousin—for I will speak openly to you, knowing it is her to whom you allude. We were to have been married. It was an old engagement. Our friends—that is, I believe, the way to call them—liked it. They thought it a good thing for each of us. Indeed, making the dependents of a good family intermarry is an economy of patronage—the same plank rescues two from drowning. I believe—that is, I fear—we accepted all this in the same spirit. We were to love each other as much as we could, and our relations were to do their best for us."

"And now it is all over?"

"All—and forever."

"How came this about?"

"At first by a jealousy about *you*."

"A jealousy about *me!* You surely never dared—" and here her voice trembled with real passion, while her eyes flashed angrily.

"No, no—I am guiltless in the matter. It was that cur Atlee made the mischief. In a moment of weak trustfulness, I sent him over to Wales to assist my uncle in his correspondence. He, of course, got to know Lady Maude Bickerstaffe. By what arts he ingratiated himself into her confidence I can not say. Indeed, I had trusted that the fellow's vulgarity would form an impassable barrier between them, and prevent all intimacy; but, apparently, I was wrong. He seems to have been the companion of her rides and drives, and, under the pretext of doing some commissions for her in the bazars of Constantinople, he got to correspond with her. So artful a fellow would well know what to make of such a privilege."

"And is he your successor now?" asked she, with a look of almost undisguised insolence.

"Scarcely that," said he, with a supercilious smile. "I think, if you had ever seen my cousin, you would scarcely have asked the question."

"But I have seen her. I saw her at the Odescalchi Palace at Rome. I remember the stare she was pleased to bestow on me as she swept past me. I remember more—her words as she asked, 'Is this your Titian girl I have heard so much of?'"

"And may hear more of," muttered he, almost unconsciously.

"Yes, even that, too; but not, perhaps, in the sense you mean." Then, as if correcting herself, she went on, "It was a bold ambition of Mr. Atlee's. I must say I like the very daring of it."

"*He* never dared it, take my word for it."

An insolent laugh was her first reply. "How little you men know of each other, and how less than little you know of us! You sneer at the people who are moved by sudden impulse, but you forget it is the squall upsets the boat."

"I believe I can follow what you mean. You would imply that my cousin's breach with *me* might have impelled her to listen to Atlee?"

"Not so much that as, by establishing himself as her confidant, he got the key of her heart, and let himself in as he pleased."

"I suspect he found little to interest him there."

"The insufferable insolence of that speech! Can you men never be brought to see that we are not all alike to each of you; that our natures have their separate watch-words; and that the soul which would vibrate with tenderness to this, is to that a dead and senseless thing, with no trace or touch of feeling about it?"

"I only believe this in part."

"Believe it wholly, then, or own that you know nothing of love—no more than do those countless thousands who go through life and never taste its real ecstasy nor its real sorrow; who accept convenience, or caprice, or flattered vanity as its counterfeit, and live out the delusion in lives of discontent. You have done wrong to break with your cousin. It is clear to me you suited each other."

"This is sarcasm."

"If it is, I am sorry for it. I meant it for sincerity. In *your* career ambition is every thing. The woman that could aid you on your road would be the real helpmate. She who would simply cross your path by her sympathies or her affections would be a mere embarrassment. Take the very case before us. Would not Lady Maude point out to you how, by the capture of this rebel, you might so aid your friends as to establish a claim for recompense? Would she not impress you with the necessity of showing how your activity redounded to the credit of your party? She would neither interpose with ill-timed appeals to your pity or a misplaced sympathy. *She* would help the politician, while another might hamper the man."

"All that might be true, if the game of political life were played as it seems to be on the surface, and my cousin was exactly the sort of woman to use ordinary faculties with ability and acuteness; but there are scores of things in which her interference would have been hurtful, and her secrecy dubious. I will give you an instance, and it will serve to show my implicit confidence in yourself. Now with respect to this man, Donogan, there is nothing we wish less than to take him. To capture means to try—to try means to hang him—and how much better, or safer, or stronger are we when it is done? These fellows, right or wrong, represent opinions that are never controverted by the scaffold, and every man who dies for his convictions leaves a thousand disciples who never believed in him before. It is only because he braves us that we pursue him, and in the face of our opponents and Parliament we can not do less. So that while we are offering large rewards for his apprehension, we would willingly give double the sum to know he had escaped. Talk of the supremacy of the law—the more you assert that here, the more ungovernable is this country by a party. An active attorney-general is another word for three more regiments in Ireland."

"I follow you with some difficulty; but I see that you would like this man to get away, and how is that to be done?"

"Easily enough, when once he knows that it will be safe for him to go north. He naturally fears the Orangemen of the northern counties. They will, however, do nothing without the police, and the police have got their orders throughout Antrim and Derry. Here—on this strip of paper—here are the secret instructions: 'To George Dargan, Chief Constable, Letterkenny district. Private and confidential.—It is, for many reasons, expedient that the convict Donogan, on a proper understanding that he will not return to Ireland, should be suffered to escape. If you are, therefore, in a position to extort a pledge from him to this extent—and it should be explicit and beyond all cavil—you will, taking due care not to compromise your authority in your office, aid him to leave the country, even to the extent of moneyed assistance.' To this are appended directions how he is to proceed to carry out these instructions; what he may, and what he may not do; with whom he may seek for co-operation, and where he is to maintain a guarded and careful secrecy. Now, in telling you all this, Mademoiselle Kostalergi, I have given you the strongest assurance in my power of the unlimited trust I have in you. I see how the questions that agitate this country interest you. I read the eagerness with which you watch them; but I want you to see more. I want you to see that the men who purpose to themselves the great task of extricating Ireland from her difficulties must be politicians in the highest sense of the word, and that you should see in us statesmen of an order that can weigh human passions and human emotions, and see that hope and fear and terror and gratitude sway the hearts of men who, to less observant eyes, seem to have no place in their natures but for rebellion. That this mode of governing Ireland is the one charm to the Celtic heart, all the Tory rule of the last fifty years, with its hangings and banishments and other terrible blunders, will soon convince you. The priest alone has felt the pulse of this people, and we are the only ministers of England who have taken the priest into our confidence. I own to you I claim some credit for myself in this discovery. It was in long reflecting over the ills of Ireland that I came to see that where the malady has so much in its nature that is sensational and emotional, so must the remedy be sensational too. The Tories were ever bent on extirpating—*we* devote ourselves to 'healing measures.' Do you follow me?"

"I do," said she, thoughtfully.

"Do I interest you?" asked he, more tenderly.

"Intensely," was the reply.

"Oh, if I could but think *that!* If I could but bring myself to believe that the day would come, not only to secure your interest, but your aid and your assistance in this great Task! I have long sought the opportunity to tell you that we, who hold the destinies of the people in our keeping, are not inferior to our great trust, that we are not mere creatures of a state department, small deities of the Olympus of office, but actual statesmen and rulers. Fortune has given me the wished-for moment; let it complete my happiness; let it tell me that you see in this noble work one worthy of your genius and your generosity, and that you would accept me as a fellow-laborer in the cause."

The fervor which he threw into the utterance of these words contrasted strongly and strangely with the words themselves; so unlike the declaration of a lover's passion.

"I do—not—know," said she, falteringly.

"What is that you do not know?" asked he, with tender eagerness.

"I do not know if I understand you aright, and I do not know what answer I should give you."

"Will not your heart tell you?"

She shook her head.

"You will not crush me with the thought that there is no pleading for me there."

"If you had desired in honesty my regard you should not have prejudiced me; you began here by enlisting my sympathies in your Task; you told me of your ambitions. I like these ambitions."

"Why not share them?" cried he, passionately.

"You seem to forget what you ask. A woman does not give her heart as a man joins a party or an administration. It is no question of an advantage based upon a compromise. There is no sentiment of gratitude, or recompense, or reward in the gift. She simply gives that which is no longer hers to retain! She trusts to what her mind will not stop to question—she goes where she can not help but follow."

"How immeasurably greater your every word makes the prize of your love."

"It is in no vanity that I say, I know it," said she, calmly. "Let us speak no more on this now."

"But you will not refuse to listen to me, Nina?"

"I will read you if you write to me;" and with a wave of good-by she slowly left the room.

"She is my master, even at my own game," said Walpole, as he sat down, and rested his head between his hands. "Still, she is mistaken: I can write just as vaguely as I can speak; and if I could not, it would have cost me my freedom this many a day. With such a woman one might venture high, but Heaven help him when he ceased to climb the mountain!"

CHAPTER XLIX.

A CUP OF TEA.

IT was so rare an event of late for Nina to seek her cousin in her own room, that Kate was somewhat surprised to see Nina enter with all her old ease of manner, and, flinging away her hat carelessly, say, "Let me have a cup of tea, dearest, for I want to have a clear head and a calm mind for at least the next half hour."

"It is almost time to dress for dinner, especially for you, Nina, who make a careful toilet."

"Perhaps I shall make less to-day, perhaps not go down to dinner at all. Do you know, child, I have every reason for agitation, and maiden bashfulness besides? Do you know I have had a proposal—a proposal in all form—from—but you shall guess whom."

"Mr. O'Shea, of course."

"No, not Mr. O'Shea, though I am almost prepared for such a step on his part—nor from your brother Dick, who has been falling in and out of love with me for the last three months or more. My present conquest is the supremely arrogant, but now condescending, Mr. Walpole, who, for reasons of state and exigences of party, has been led to believe that a pretty wife, with a certain amount of natural astuteness, might advance his interests, and tend to his promotion in public life; and with his old instincts as a gambler, he is actually ready to risk his fortunes on a single card; and I, the portionless Greek girl, with about the same advantages of family as of fortune—I am to be that queen of trumps on which he stands to win. And now, darling, the cup of tea, the cup of tea, if you want to hear more."

While Kate was busy arranging the cups of a little tea-service that did duty in her dressing-room, Nina walked impatiently to and fro, talking with rapidity all the time.

"The man is a greater fool than I thought him, and mistakes his native weakness of mind for originality. If you had heard the imbecile nonsense he talked to me for political shrewdness, and when he had shown me what a very poor creature he was, he made me the offer of himself! This was so far honest and above-board. It was saying, in so many words, 'You see, I am a bankrupt.' Now I don't like bankrupts, either of mind or money. Could he not have seen that he who seeks my favor must sue in another fashion?"

"And so you refused him?" said Kate, as she poured out her tea.

"Far from it—I rather listened to his suit. I was so far curious to hear what he could plead in his behalf, that I bade him write it. Yes, dearest; it was a maxim of that very acute man, my papa, that when a person makes you any dubious proposition in words, you oblige him to commit it to writing. Not necessarily to be used against him afterward, but for this reason—and I can almost quote my papa's phrase on the occasion—in the homage of his self-love, a man will rarely write himself such a knave as he will dare to own when he is talking, and in that act of weakness is the gain of the other party to the compact."

"I don't think I understand you."

"I'm sure you do not; and you have put no sugar in my tea, which is worse. Do you mean to say that your clock is right, and that it is already nigh seven? Oh dear! and I, who have

not told you one-half of my news, I must go and dress. I have a certain green silk with white roses which I mean to wear, and with my hair in that crimson Neapolitan net, it is toilet *à la minute*."

"You know how it becomes you," said Kate, half slyly.

"Of course I do, or in this critical moment of my life I should not risk it. It will have its own suggestive meaning, too. It will recall *ce cher* Cecil to days at Baia, or wandering along the coast at Portici. I have known a fragment of lace, a flower, a few bars of a song, do more to link the broken chain of memory than scores of more labored recollections; and then these little paths that lead you back are so simple, so free from all premeditation. Don't you think so, dear?"

"I do not know, and, if it were not rude, I'd say I do not care."

"If my cup of tea were not so good I should be offended, and leave the room after such a speech. But you do not know, you could not guess, the interesting things that I could tell you," cried she, with an almost breathless rapidity. "Just imagine that deep statesman, that profound plotter, telling me that they actually did not wish to capture Donogan—that they would rather he should escape!"

"He told you this?"

"He did more; he showed me the secret instructions to his police creatures—I forget how they are called—showing what they might do to connive at his escape, and how they should—if they could—induce him to give some written pledge to leave Ireland forever."

"Oh, this is impossible!" cried Kate.

"I could prove it to you if I had not just sent off the veritable bit of writing by post. Yes, stare and look horrified if you like; it is all true. I stole the piece of paper with the secret directions, and sent it straight to Donogan, under cover to Archibold Casey, Esq., 9 Lower Gardner Street, Dublin."

"How could you have done such a thing?"

"Say how could I have done otherwise. Donogan now knows whether it will become him to sign this pact with the enemy. If he deem his life worth having at the price, it is well that *I* should know it."

"It is, then, of yourself you were thinking all the while?"

"Of myself and of him. I do not say I love this man; but I do say his conduct now shall decide if he be worth loving. There's the bell for dinner. You shall hear all I have to say this evening. What an interest it gives to life, even this much of plot and peril! Short of being with the rebel himself, Kate, and sharing his dangers, I know of nothing could have given me such delight."

She turned back as she left the door, and said, "Make Mr. Walpole take you down to dinner to-day; I shall take Mr. O'Shea's arm, or your brother's."

The address of Archibold Casey, which Nina had used on this occasion, was that of a well-known solicitor in Dublin, whose Conservative opinions placed him above all suspicion or distrust. One of his clients, however—a certain Mr. Maher—had been permitted to have letters occasionally addressed to him to Casey's care; and Maher, being an old college friend of Donogan's, afforded him this mode of receiving letters in times of unusual urgency or danger. Maher shared very slightly in Donogan's opinions. He thought the men of the National party not only dangerous in themselves, but that they afforded a reason for many of the repressive laws which Englishmen passed with reference to Ireland. A friendship of early life, when both these young men were college students, had overcome such scruples, and Donogan had been permitted to have many letters marked simply with a D., which were sent under cover to Maher. This facility had, however, been granted so far back as '47, and had not been renewed in the interval, during which time the Archibold Casey of that period had died, and been succeeded by a son with the same name as his father.

When Nina, on looking over Donogan's note-book, came upon this address, she saw, also, some almost illegible words, which implied that it was only to be employed as the last resort, or had been so used—a phrase she could not exactly determine what it meant. The present occasion—so emergent in every way—appeared to warrant both haste and security; and so, under cover to S. Maher, she wrote to Donogan in these words:

"I send you the words in the original handwriting, of the instructions which regard you. You will do what your honor and your conscience dictate. Do not write to me; the public papers will inform me what your decision has been, and I shall be satisfied, however it incline. I rely upon you to burn the inclosure."

A suit at law, in which Casey acted as Maher's attorney at this period, required that the letters addressed to his house for Maher should be opened and read; and though the letter D. on the outside might have suggested a caution, Casey either overlooked or misunderstood it, and broke the seal. Not knowing what to think of this document, which was without signature, and having no clew to the writer except the postmark of Kilgobbin, Casey hastened to lay the letter as it stood before the barrister who conducted Maher's cause, and to ask his advice. The Right Hon. Paul Hartigan was an ex-Attorney-General of the Tory party—a zealous, active, but somewhat rash member of his party; still in the House, a member for Mallow, and far more eager for the return of his friends to power than the great man who dictated the tactics of the Opposition, and who with more of responsibility could calculate the chances of success.

Paul Hartigan's estimate of the Whigs was such that it would have in no wise astonished him to discover that Mr. Gladstone was in close correspondence with O'Donovan Rossa, or that Chichester Fortescue had been sworn in as a head-centre. That the whole cabinet were secretly papists, and held weekly confession at the feet of Dr. Manning, he was prepared to prove. He did not vouch for Mr. Lowe; but he could produce the form of scapular worn by Mr. Gladstone, and had a fac-simile of the scourge by which Mr. Cardwell diurnally chastened his natural instincts.

If, then, he expressed but small astonishment at this "traffic of the government with rebellion"—for so he called it—he lost no time in endeavoring to trace the writer of the letter, and ascertaining, so far as he might, the authenticity of the inclosure.

"It's all true, Casey," he said, a few days after his receipt of the papers. "The instructions are written by Cecil Walpole, the private secretary of Lord Danesbury. I have obtained several specimens of his writing. There is no attempt at disguise or concealment in this. I have learned, too, that the police-constable Dargan is one of their most trusted agents; and the only thing now to find out is, who is the writer of the letter; for up to this all we know is, the hand is a woman's."

Now it chanced that when Mr. Hartigan—who had taken great pains and bestowed much time to learn the story of the night attack on Kilgobbin, and wished to make the presence of Mr. Walpole on the scene the ground of a question in Parliament—had consulted the leader of the Opposition on the subject, he had met not only a distinct refusal of aid, but something very like a reproof for his ill-advised zeal. The Honorable Paul, not for the first time disposed to distrust the political loyalty that differed with his own ideas, now declared openly that he would not confide this great disclosure to the lukewarm advocacy of Mr. Disraeli; he would himself lay it before the House, and stand or fall by the result.

If the men who "stand or fall" by any measure were counted, it is to be feared that they usually would be found not only in the category of the latter, but that they very rarely rise again, so very few are the matters which can be determined without some compromise, and so rare are the political questions which comprehend a distinct principle.

What warmed the Hartigan ardor, and, indeed, chafed it to a white heat on this occasion, was to see by the public papers that Daniel Donogan had been fixed on by the men of King's County as the popular candidate, and a public meeting held at Kilbeggan to declare that the man who should oppose him at the hustings should be pronounced the enemy of Ireland. To show that while this man was advertised in the *Hue and Cry*, with an immense reward for his apprehension, he was in secret protected by the government, who actually condescended to treat with him; what an occasion would this afford for an attack that would revive the memories of Grattan's scorn and Curran's sarcasm, and to declare to the senate of England that the men who led them were unworthy guardians of the national honor!

AFLOAT AND ASHORE.

YOUNG Barney O'Toole was a broth of a boy,
Who crossed over the sea with the bold Pat Malloy;
They landed at night—it was rainy and dark—
And next day got a job to work out in the Park.
Said Barney to Pat: "Sure of labor I'm sick—
I'm tired of digging and swinging the pick:
The man who will toil for his bread is a fool—
I was born for a judge," said young Barney O'Toole.

Then he lit up his pipe, and he put on his coat,
And he ran for an office. They counted the vote,
And they figured it out by the Tammany rule,
And who was elected but Barney O'Toole!
Then he bought a new coat and a diamond so fine,
And a lad for five cents gave his boots a nice shine;
Then he talked about court, legislation, and school,
For he now was a statesman, bold Barney O'Toole.

We take the foregoing verses from a little work recently published, bearing the title of "Hibernia; or, Ireland the World Over," as the most appropriate legend for Mr. SHEPPARD'S two capital sketches, printed on page 1017. Both artist and poet took their inspiration from life, as every one knows who has taken the pains to read the revelations in the newspapers of the manner in which Tammany has of late years made citizens and office-holders of the raw material from the Emerald Isle.

The immigrant comes over an honest, simple-minded working-man. He lands at Castle Garden with the intention of settling down to the steady labor to which he had been accustomed at home. But, instead of going into the country, he gets employment about the saloons of New York, or on the public works, where he hears all the talk of the Tammany runners and politicians; and if he is quick-witted and shrewd, it doesn't take long to develop him into one of the same class. He soon becomes a bar-room brawler, and if he has a ready gift of speaking, he rises to be the leader of a ward club, and ultimately to office. Hundreds of examples could be adduced in illustration of our sketches. As a rule, the Irish are more forward in pushing themselves into politics and office than immigrants of any other nationality, because the Democratic party have found them more serviceable than any other class of foreigners. The Germans generally settle into some kind of useful employment immediately on arriving here. The great majority go West, and become farmers or mechanics. The Irish immigrant, on the contrary, clings to New York, and seeks employment, rather than independent means of livelihood. With all his good qualities—and they are many—he is easily made the tool of a party. This is, doubtless, owing in part to the wrongs the race has suffered for so many generations in his own country; and as time wears on, and the corrupting power of Tammany is broken up, better influences will doubtless bring about a change in the character of our Irish fellow-citizens. They will meddle less in politics when they learn that their worst enemies are the men who thrust them forward merely to serve selfish and corrupt ends; and the day that sees the Irish race emancipated from this servility will be a happy day for them, as it will be for the rest of our people.

"REHEARSAL."

THE painting of which we give an engraving on page 1021 is said to be one of the most humorous in the International Exhibition at London—humorous not by force of coarse exaggeration, but simply from close and subtile observation. So truthfully has the painter rendered the monkish character, so happily has he caught the gestures and expressions of the several faces, that you can not help fancying you actually hear the notes emitted from those practiced lungs and wide-gaping or firmly set lips. After letting the eye rest long on these brown-frocked Capuchins pouring forth their plain Gregorian or more florid choral harmonies, silence seems at last to break upon you as a surprise, so effectually has the imagination been excited. We defy our readers to look long at the group to the left, taking their parts in some new chant or antiphonal responses, without trying to realize the kind of voice belonging to each figure. At this very moment, incontinently, we arrest our scribbling to see if we can not mimic the fine, full, fat notes—ripe, round, and sound, like old wine—of the basso profondo. But the basso is plainly unapproachable, and it is equally evident that he would brook no competitor, could one be found. As yet, however, let us hint, gentle reader, we have not reached the portliness and mellowness of his age. The baritone is more within our compass. But the voice of the thin young man who is taking this part is, we suspect, not quite to be depended upon. We believe that if one were to accompany him he would be now and then found to slip into the gruffest of juvenile basses. The energy of the tenor is capitally depicted. Look at the ferocious knitting of his shaggy eyebrows and at the tension of the circular orifice into which he has composed his mouth for the production of a high note—that mode of delivery being, however, apt to engender a nasal twang. Very good, also, is the mild youth beyond, soaring, with his fresher *timbre*, easily to the alto, in a voice probably something between a boy's treble and a man's falsetto. As we have intimated, the energy of the tenor is admirable; and, besides doing his very best, he is evidently a tenore robusto. But it is all of no avail; he can not maintain his rightful pre-eminence. There is something wrong in the "rehearsal"—something, therefore, which threatens to mar the final performance. Perfect harmony is not attainable, it seems, even within the secluded and hallowed precincts of monastic fraternities. Where the fault lies it is easy to see—we had almost said to hear. It is to be seen by the agonized, appealing look of the leader of the choir, standing at the desk which supports the great illuminated service-books of the monastery, with his hand raised, beseeching moderation. It is also to be seen by the queer expression—half-annoyed, half-amused—of the ecclesiastic to the extreme right; and even the violoncello-player assumes a deprecatory air, as though he felt his own powerful instrument partially extinguished. The burly basso is clearly quite overpowering. The thunders which roll from the mighty cavern of his chest are more than a match for the resonant raspings echoed from the vaulted depths of the violoncello; and even the stentorian tenor sings till he is very red in the face in vain. Seated at his ease, with his fat hands complacently folded on his mountainous stomach, and with his eyes religiously fixed on the music-book, the good padre is perfectly oblivious to every thing but the delight of exercising his powerful lungs to their full capacity.

M. A. ROBERT, the distinguished Belgian painter of this very ably executed picture, was a pupil of the Academy of the Fine Arts at Brussels. For five years he sojourned in Italy, and became favorably known by his pictures illustrating scenes of monastic life. He returned to his native country with his picture of "Lucas Signorelli Painting his dead Son," which, with another important work from the same hand, is now in the Musée National at Brussels. Subsequently the artist has won considerable reputation as a portrait painter; but recently he has again turned his attention to subjects similar to that we have engraved, and also to other branches of *genre* painting. M. ROBERT is a member of the Royal Academy of Belgium.

A SINGULAR BIRD.

ONE of the most singular of the bird species is the bower-bird, a native of Australia. There is quite a lengthy description of it in Darwin's valuable work, "The Descent of Man"—which has occasioned so much talk—from which we learn that the bird is a queer architect, having peculiar habits of constructing its nest, differing both in method and result from the architectural practices of any other winged creature. The bird first builds on the ground a platform of sticks varying in thickness from six to eight inches. This is matted and twined like basket-work. From the sides of this platform the frame-work of the bower is erected. The bower, like the platform on which it rests, and which serves as its flooring, is composed of sticks, most of them large branches from trees and bushes, with smaller branches and twigs intertwined. A structure of considerable solidity is thus obtained. The bower is generally built to the height of about a foot and a half. Its length is sometimes as much as four feet. A covered passage-way, open at both ends, and sufficiently durable to withstand the rain-storms of a season, is the result of the labors of this ingenious and industrious bird. It is also given to decoration at times. At the end which seems to serve as the principal entrance, or front-door, is to be found a curious collection of shells, bones, and sometimes gaudy feathers; the former picked up wherever found, the latter filched from the plumage of some other bird. These curious ornaments seem to be arranged with a sort of system, showing that their presence is due to premeditated design on the part of the bird. Both the male and female take part in building the bowers, although the male is the principal worker. The love antics of these birds are as peculiar as the architecture of their houses. When in sportive moods the male bird will chase the female through the bower and around it, the female running away from him, and pretending to escape from his society.

LIVING TAPESTRY.

A STRANGE TALE.

THE following adventure happened in Bath, England, many years ago, and the lady who narrated it to the writer was (in those days) a young girl staying in the house. It was in the palmy days of Bath, when that now fallen city rivaled London in brilliancy and dissipation, and when all the rich, the gay, and the high-born of England congregated there in the season, and graced the balls and assemblies. Mrs. R——, once the belle of the court of George III., but at this period gradually retiring from general society, possessed one of the largest of the old houses, and gave in it entertainments which were the most popular of the day. She was celebrated for three things (once for four, but the fourth—her beauty—was of the days gone by): these things were, her fascination, her benevolence, and—a set of the most matchless and perfect amethysts. Her house contained tapestried chambers. The walls of the one in which she slept were hung around with designs from heathen mythology, and the finest piece in the room was that which hung over her dressing-table. It represented Phœbus driving the chariot of the sun. The figures and horses being life-size, it filled up the space between the two windows, and the horses were concealed behind the old-fashioned Venetian looking-glass, while Phœbus himself, six feet high, looked down by day and by night on his mistress at her toilet.

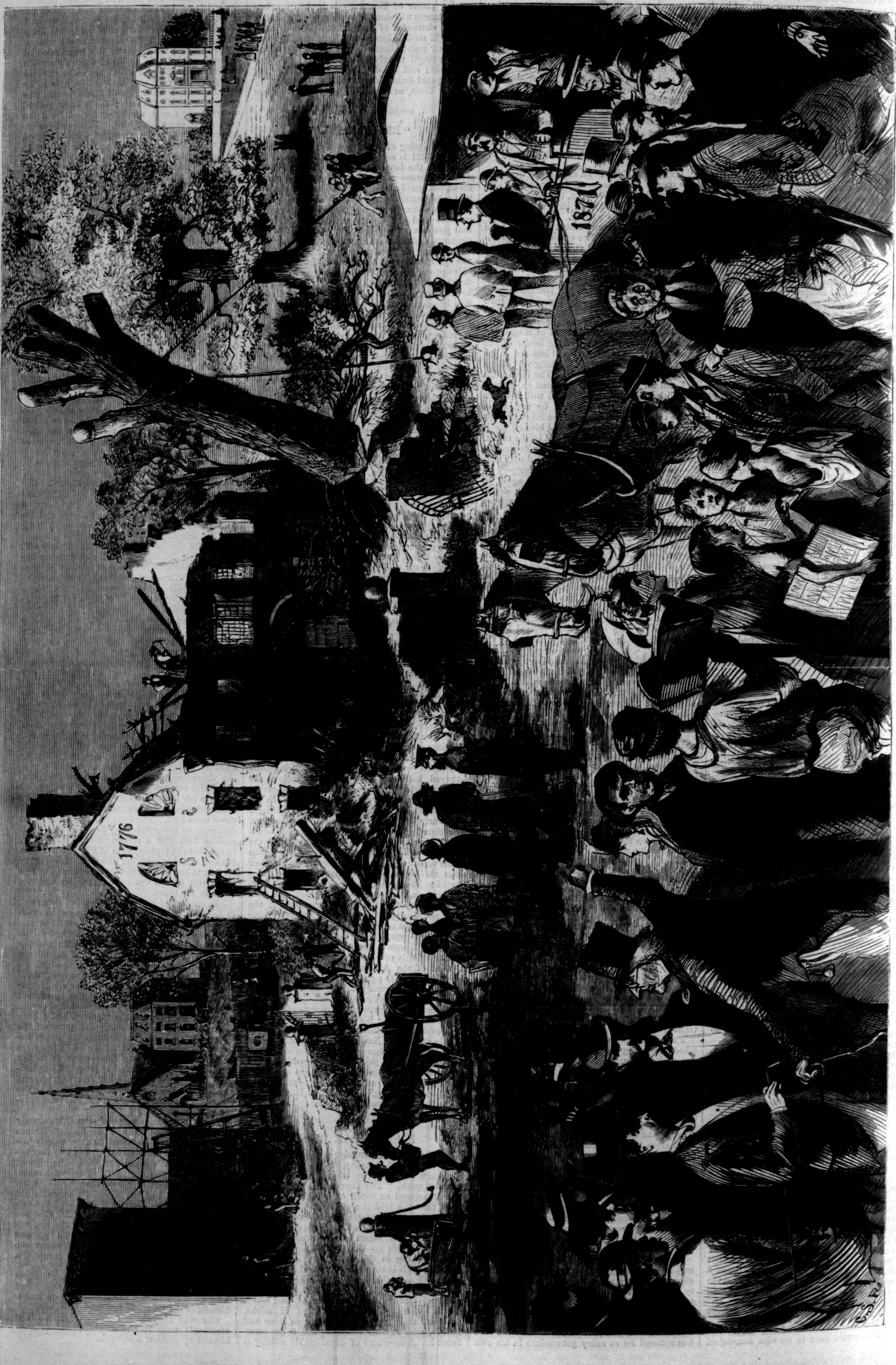
One evening Mrs. R—— had an unusually large party at home. She wore all her amethysts. On retiring to her room, about four o'clock in the morning, she took off her jewels, laid them on her table, and dismissed her weary maid, intending to put them away herself; but before doing so knelt down, as usual, to say her prayers. While engaged in her devotions it was a habit with her to look upward, and the face of Phœbus was generally her point of sight, as it were, and the object on which her eyes most easily rested. On this particular night, as usual, she raised her eyes to Phœbus. What does she see? Has Pygmalion been at work? Has he filled those dull silk eyes with vital fire? Or is she dreaming? No. Possessed naturally of wonderful courage and calmness, she continued to move her lips as if in silent prayer, and never once withdrew her gaze; and still the eyes looked down upon hers. The light of her candles shone distinctly on living orbs, and her good keen sight enabled her, after a cleverly managed scrutiny, to see that the tapestry eyes of Phœbus had been cut out, and that, with her door locked and every servant in bed in their distant apartments, and all her jewels spread out before her, she was not alone in the room.

She concluded her prayers with her face sunk in her hands. We can well imagine what those prayers must have been. She knew there was some one behind that tapestry; she knew that bells and screams were equally useless; and she lay down in her bed as usual and waited the issue, her only omission being that she did not put away her jewels. "They may save my life," she said to herself, and she closed her eyes. The clock struck five before a sound was heard, and then the moment arrived. She heard a rustle, a descent from behind the tapestry, and a man stood at her dressing-table. He took off his coat, and one by one he secured the jewels beneath his waistcoat. What would be his next move? Would it be to the bedside or to the window? He turned and approached her bedside; but by that time she had seen enough, and again closed her eyes and resigned herself to the Providence whose protection she had been craving.

The man was her own coachman. Apparently satisfied by a brief glance under his dark lantern that he had not disturbed her, he quietly unlocked the door and left her. For two hours—they must have seemed two days—she allowed the house to remain unalarmed, her only movement having been to relock the door which her living Phœbus had left ajar. At seven in the morning she rang her bell, and ordered the carriage round just after breakfast. All this was according to her usual habits. On the box was the man who had cost her a night's rest and most probably all her jewels. However, she drove off; she went straight to the house of a magistrate.

"Seize my coachman!" said she; "secure him and search him. I have been robbed, and I hardly think he has had time to disencumber himself of the jewels he has taken from me."

She was obeyed, and she was right. The amethysts were still about him, and he gave himself up without a struggle.



THE MARCH OF MODERN IMPROVEMENT—DESTRUCTION OF OLD BUILDINGS IN UPPER NEW YORK.—Drawn by C. S. Reinhart.—[See Page 1022.]

THE REHEARSAL.—From a Painting in the London International Exhibition.—[See Page 1019.]

THE BLIND SLEEPER.

LET her sleep on:
Her heart is weary of the dark;
Let her sleep on:
Who knows? In dream-land she may see
Bright scenes, that in her waking flee;
So let her be.

Let her sleep on:
Her lips, so patient, part in smiles;
Let her sleep on:
Who knows? She dreams perchance of sight;
Shall we awake her to life's night?
No, let her be.

Let in the air,
And place these roses at her side;
The od'rous air
Will fan her cheek, till in her dream
She scents rose-gardens, it may seem;
So let her dream,

And let her hear
A lulling music floating by,
To please her ear;
Haply she loved the tender strain,
And lives some happy hours again:
Let her sleep on,

And let her dream
Some pitying angel wafts aloof
Her hopeless pain.
Her sightless eyes are dry of tears,
She feels no more the cross she bears;
Oh, blessèd dream!

I dare not stay;
A coward at her side I stand,
And dare not stay
Lest I, who view the patient face
Illumined by this hour of grace,
See its despair.

MODERN IMPROVEMENTS.

MODERN progress shows no reverence for the old or the picturesque. It spares neither the work of human hands nor natural scenery. The old romantic city of Nuremberg is torn down to make way for railroad dépôts, modern shops, and palatial hotels. There was at one time talk of leveling the lofty rock on which stands the noble castle of Edinburgh, and nothing saved it but the outcry of execration which the proposal roused from a few people of taste.

Our own country exhibits many striking examples of this spirit. The good people of Boston, who first leveled the breastworks of Bunker Hill to obtain a foundation for the Monument, now talk of abolishing the Monument to give place to stores! In the same way many venerable structures have disappeared from our own city, as depicted by our artist in the fine sketch on page 1020. The site of the picturesque old mansion, with its Revolutionary traditions, is wanted for a modern building, and down it must go; and with it disappears another of the few links that still connect us with the past. But this is one of the inevitable consequences of progress and improvement. Comfort, cleanliness, and convenience are of more importance to society than the merely picturesque, and it is only against the needless destruction of the memorials of the past that a protest should be entered. That of the old Hancock House in Boston, for example, was an inexcusable act of vandalism which can never be repaired.

THE ROMANCE OF MISS TURNIPSEED.

"YES, my dear doctor, I fully sympathize with your desire that our children marry; but I fear we can not accomplish it. Mira is romantic, like most young girls, and would hardly recognize virtues which she did not discover for herself. These young people are as contrary as mules. Show them what you wish them to do, and doing just the opposite becomes at once the paramount object of life."

"Why can't we use this mulish characteristic for the good of the rascals?" asked the doctor.

"That's a lucky thought!" said the first speaker, springing from his seat. This gentleman was Mr. Turnipseed. He ought to have been a farmer, one would say; but he was not, any more than the well-known firm, "Catchem & Cheatham," of Boston, were lawyers, which every body said they should have been. Mr. Turnipseed was a retired cotton merchant, and Dr. Hazeltine was his old-time friend. They were both widowers, and their children had thus far never met. Sidney, the doctor's son, had been educated abroad, where he had lived since his tenth year, the time when the friendship of the doctor and his queer-named friend began. It was more than fifteen years since then, and the son of Dr. Hazeltine had just returned. He was at that time absent on an amateur hunting and trapping excursion in Canada with some young fellows whom he had met in his travels. At the quiet village of Yonkers, Sidney, on his return, had pined, and constantly talked of returning to Europe. This was what the good doctor wished to prevent, and he wisely thought that his son could only be kept at home by a wife, and such collateral domestic attractions as wives are expected to produce.

When Mr. Turnipseed sprang from his seat, as we have said, his face was radiant with a scheme suggested by the doctor's words.

"That's a lucky thought!" he had exclaimed. "If these rascals, as you call them, could meet as entire strangers, ten chances to one they would cotton to each other at once."

"Your daughter has left the 'Sacred Heart,' you tell me. Where is she now? She is a charming girl and a sensible one, though she may be romantic, as you say. In my last visit to your house in Brooklyn she was at home, you remember, and her aunt, your sister, told me of her qualities at home and at school. Where did you say she is now?"

"She is visiting an old 'Sacred Heart' friend who is now married," said Mr. Turnipseed.

"We might manage it," said the doctor, "by sending Sid to bring her home; but then, how to keep him from knowing who she is?"

"Not the slightest danger," replied Mr. Turnipseed. "Mirabel Turnipseed is never Mirabel Turnipseed away from home. I doubt even that her dearest friend knows her true name. Mira has a foolish prejudice against her family name—an unaccountable prejudice. I have never been able to convince her that Turnipseed is in itself just as good a name as Montgomery or Buckingham, and to the ear quite as pleasant. It is no use reasoning with her. The little children in her first school called her Mustardseed, and every kind of seed, until she grew half frantic at times. She was perfectly happy when I gave my consent to her entering the 'Sacred Heart' under her own name much bedeviled. Still farther to please her, I never signed my letters, as those, you know, are always opened by the superiors at such schools. I only subscribed myself 'Your father.'"

Leaving the doctor and his friend concocting plans for the welfare of their children, let us go and see how one of them, at least, is "flying in the face of Providence" by losing his heart to an entire stranger. This one was Sidney, who had wearied of Canada and hunting, and was proceeding straight toward home. He had got as far as Lake Winnipiseogee, and, as he sat on the deck of the little steamer *Lady of the Lake*, he smoked his cigar leisurely, glancing at the western hills, and still more leisurely re-read a letter that he had that day received from his father. It ran thus:

"MY DEAR SON,—I am rejoiced that you are coming home, and hope soon to see you married and 'settled,' as the saying is. You surely have done your share of roaming. Here's a beautiful house for a woman, and I want only a corner of it during the rest of my life, and will even relinquish that for the wife I have in my mind for you, should she desire it; or I will build her another house, if she don't like this. You know, of course, upon whom my heart is set for your wife. She is not handsome, perhaps, according to the modern notions, but she has perfect manners, and does honor to her bringing up. She is modest and industrious—"

"I wish," said Sid to himself, "that a fellow could appreciate industry in a sweetheart. Just the qualities he never ought to think of are just those that lead him captive;" and he glanced at a young lady's lap, where lay a charming sketch of the northern hills beyond the lake, to which she was rapidly adding the last touches. "What a perfect hand!" he thought; but he read on:

"—Industrious and rich, though she might be as poor as the gleaner Ruth, and still I should want her for your wife. Her father, an old and dear friend, is now with me, and his daughter will be here soon; and seriously, my boy, I want you to fall in love with her, though I don't think that indispensable. As an old physician, who has seen much of life, and studied it earnestly for forty years, I give you my sincere opinion that I have seen more real happiness from reasonable marriages than from those resulting from the crazy dreams of affinity, counterparts, first love, and all the sickly fancies of youth at pairing time."

"Good God!" exclaimed Sid, in an undertone, "how prosily the doctor treats love!"

"Reason, my boy, should control all our actions, especially those which fix the family relations. No sensible man wants to be happier than he is when he looks on the face of his first-born, provided only that first sight shows him that the child has the necessary complement of parts and limbs, and the mother is a person to command respect. If he has never had much tenderness for his wife before, he is sure to feel it then; and I don't say his love may not be better and stronger for coming so late.

"Now, Sidney, there is a fearful amount of nonsense about young people, and I want you to escape the sloughs it leads into, as you escaped measles, chicken-pox, and other childish diseases in your juvenile days. There are certain psychological laws that are very little understood. You can not doubt that if your lot should be cast in a country where there was only one nubile young woman, nature would be sure to bring you two together in a strong union—I will say provided only that she had a sweet breath and was clean in her person. I don't believe any other conditions are absolutely indispensable to love."

"I can't stand it!" exclaimed Sid, and he lighted a cigar. "How can the old philosopher look upon the glorious sentiment of love with no more apparent feeling than an entomologist shows when with his cruel nippers he pulls out limb after limb of some beautiful moth?" After a few puffs Sidney read on:

"See what a famous writer says in his paper on caste in India: '*It is certainly a curious fact, which psychologists have still to explain, that people very seldom fall in love where marriage is absolutely impossible.*' Now there is a thing for you to ponder over. It shows at least that no one man is ever born for any one woman.

"Well, I fear to tire you, so will stop. You know my old friend Turnipseed. It is his daughter Mirabel that I want you to marry."

"Mirabel Turnipseed!" exclaimed the young man, with great disgust. "Well, some man ought to marry her to relieve her from her hideous name! If I had as much gallantry as pity, I'd do it myself." He continued reading:

"See her, at all events. I need not say at this late hour, with the prestige of twenty odd years of having your own way, that I expect you to give up your will to mine. I only ask you to try to marry, not for a day, but for all your life. Am I unreasonable?
"A. J. HAZELTINE, M.D."

The relations existing between Dr. Hazeltine and his son were quite those of elder and younger friends. Sid could not but treat seriously any wish or any reasoning of his father; but as he feasted his poetic imagination upon the sweet girl artist near him, an ideal Gorgon, gaunt and "industrious," yeleped Mirabel Turnipseed, came between him and the charming reality. She had finished her sketch and placed it in a dainty port-folio. Oblivious to every thing around her, she sat dreamily gazing at the ever-changing landscape before her. Her eyes were very beautiful, all her features clearly cut, and her mouth like wet coral. He, too, was in a most susceptible mood, and truly the scene was enchanting. The smooth surface of that gem of lakes, at a little distance from the boat, clearly reflected the golden and crimson clouds as they rolled back from the western hills, while, near, it shimmered them into an inextricable maze of light and color. Sidney stood apart, leaning over the gunwale of the boat, dividing his emotions between the lady and the wondrous beauty of the scene. The artist grew upon him, and when the *Lady of the Lake* steamed out from Wolfsborough, where she touched to land three or four passengers, he found himself and his baggage on the pier, though his ticket was bought for Centre Harbor.

Very much like a fool he felt, when a good-looking country lad appeared on the scene, and before the slightest shadow of a pretext could be found by Sidney for speaking to her, the lad conducted her to a carriage and whirled her away. Under the circumstances, Sidney did what any enamored lonely bachelor would have done. He opened his cigar-case; and, the weed once fairly lighted, he sauntered along the road which the lady of his thoughts had taken. Meanwhile he had ordered his baggage to be taken "to the hotel," not dreaming in his ignorance that there could be more than one in so small a place. He laughed to himself after passing two or three more or less pretentious inns, wondering which one he had patronized, and concluded to look after his traps, which, in his case, were something more than figurative, as you might have seen had you looked into his trunk, hastily packed in the wilds of Canada. Sid stopped a moment before deciding which of these hotels probably contained his worldly goods, and just then a light country wagon came up the road bearing a single gentleman. (If he was married, blame the language, not me.)

"Bert Halstead, by Jove!" And the next minute the two gentlemen were grasping each other's hands in a most enthusiastic manner.

"Why, Sid, you seem lost here, like a babe in the woods. Come! jump in. Your baggage at the hotel? What on earth did you go there for? True, I forgot you did not know where I lived. You would have looked me up to-morrow, I trust?"

"Of course," replied Sidney, rather embarrassed, and not caring to confess that in stopping at Wolfsborough he had not the remotest remembrance of the fact that Halstead lived in the town. This was an old college friend of Sid's. Many a glass of beer had they discussed together while students in a famous German university. Halstead had returned two years before, and since then had married the very paragon of women, as Sid judged from Bert's effusive letters.

The baggage happened to be found in the first hotel at which Sidney inquired for it, and then the two young men drove off at a very rapid pace, considering the quantity of boulders sprinkled over the road in true New Hampshire style.

"Now this is jolly of you, old boy," said Albert—"this surprise. Nathalie will be delighted to see you. You have changed wonderfully in these two years. I think it's those English whiskers you have grown. Your mustache, too, half a yard long! Well, you'll do, confound you! Sid, you always were as *distingué* as Satan in appearance. Nathalie adores blonde men, so you'll be a favorite."

"Are you disposed to flatter me, or Mrs. Halstead?" asked Sidney, laughing.

"Oh, you know, Nathalie is a brunette, like most French girls, and they say we are attracted to our opposites."

Sidney was greatly disposed to be thoughtful; but Bert was in a rattling mood, and as the wheels bumped over the rough road, kept up a constant fire of words. Among other things, he informed Sid that there was a charming girl, an old friend of his wife's, now visiting them. Sid wanted to think of the young girl who had so fascinated him. Where was she? What steps could he take to find out; and then what means use to get acquainted with her? Her face and form were continually before him; and the more he tried to believe he ought not to think of her at all, remembering that his duty was to reserve himself intact for Miss Turnipseed, the more life seemed a blank without her. Despite his father's philosophy, this girl, he said to himself, was born for him, was his destiny, else why had her simple presence been potent enough in its influence to convert his whole being into a mirror to reflect her image?

"There's my box, Sid," said Albert, not without pride, as they approached a turn in the road, on the inner corner of which, and standing back on a natural terrace some twenty rods, was an exceedingly pretty country house. Descriptions of scenery are generally tiresome, I know; but I can't avoid hoping that the reader will try to reproduce this scene. The slope, or terrace, green as an emerald, was dotted with choice evergreen trees, and the carriage road around the front of the house was skirted toward the terrace with a beautiful flower garden and shrubbery.

Bert stopped as he drove around before the veranda, and waited in silence, while Sidney cast his eyes down over the terrace, across the beech-bordered road, just beyond which glistened the silver surface of Lake Winnipiseogee. The house stood on a projection of land around the end of which the road ran. Beyond the lake and toward the northwest rose majestic hills; and farther on, lost in the clouds and in the distance, a mighty chain of mountains.

"Oh, Bert!" exclaimed Sid, with unaffected emotion, "this is the loveliest and the grandest spot I ever beheld! No wonder you spend your summers here. I think I would never leave it if it were my home." And in imagination Sidney's susceptible heart saw, felt, himself the owner of that glorious spot—himself and the lady who already possessed his heart. There was not time to indulge the sweet reverie. The door opened, and Mrs. Halstead appeared. She was a small, dark lady, and wore a very elegant, loosely flowing dress. A beautiful dress, thought Sid, but queer for the evening. Halstead kissed her forehead tenderly, and inquired for her health. That ceremony completed, he presented his friend. Mrs. Halstead received Sidney in the most gracious manner. "Let us consider ourselves friends at once," she said, speaking perfect English, with a faint suggestion of a foreign accent; for, though educated in this country, she had spent her early years in France. "Because," she continued, "my husband loves you very dearly, as you know, and because you have chosen to come like a friend, without ceremony."

Sidney was charmed with the pretty lady, and he "spoke the fitting words," like Lord Byron's hero of "The Dream;" but his conscience smote him anew that his motive for being in Wolfsborough had been so totally foreign to all thoughts of the Halsteads. He commenced to speak glowing words of the place.

"Oh! it is very beautiful, Mr. Hazeltine. It is sublime, as you say. What will you think if I tell you it oppresses me? It is because I think that I am not big enough in heart or brain to take it all in." And excusing herself to attend to the supper, she entered the house.

"There, Sid!" exclaimed Bert, "you have unearthed the skeleton of the household sooner than I expected. I revel in this place; Nathalie pines. In the city she is contented; but here she talks of France. It is the only thing about which we are not in perfect sympathy. The place is for sale for two thousand dollars. We shall never live in it again after this summer."

"Two thousand dollars for such a paradise? Are you jesting?"

"No; perfectly serious."

"Then consider it mine, Bert;" and the friends shook hands on the bargain. Sidney had never felt so elated with any possession in his life. He walked down over the terrace like one in a dream. The night had fallen, but the moon rode high in the heavens, and the whole scene was one of enchantment. A pleasant voice caused him to turn—and there, standing before him in that incomparable spot, was the very lady of his thoughts. Her head was bare, and her soft brown curls rose and fell with the gentle breeze. For a moment Sidney stood silent and motionless. It was like dreaming of paradisial bliss, and waking to find it all reality.

"I am sent to bring you in to supper, Mr. Hazeltine," she said, with a pleasant smile. "Excuse me for disturbing your pleasant reveries. Mrs. Halstead insisted upon my coming and introducing myself. I am her visitor, Bel Stockbridge. Receive my welcome also." And she gave him her hand.

I fear it can hardly be said, this time, that Sidney "spoke the fitting words." For the first time in his life he felt really awkward, but in a moment he recovered himself.

"You are very gracious, Miss Stockbridge. This is a propitious meeting. I have seen you before, to-day."

"Indeed! I am not conscious of it."

"No; you were absorbed, first in your crayon sketch, and afterward with the sunset. You were in too exalted a mood to be conscious of the existence of a mere mortal."

"Ah! on the steamer. Truly the sunset was magnificent enough to absorb my whole attention. I am sure I did not see you, for I have a good memory of faces. Allow me to congratulate you on becoming the owner of this beautiful place. Nathalie laughed when she found you had purchased it without even asking the quantity of land, or any thing about its quality; but I doubt if she would release you from the bargain, if Mr. Halstead would."

"I did not buy the land," said Sidney, smiling. "I bought the view. The land is thrown in."

"It is, I think," said Miss Stockbridge, "the most enchanting spot I ever saw. I never could weary of it." And as she spoke she turned and looked again over the silver water slumbering in the soft moonlight. Sidney looked at her, mentally resolving that he would give her the opportunity of testing her belief that she would never tire of the place. They walked back to the house rather slowly, and the conversation turned to their hostess. Sidney remarked that his friend had made a happy choice in his wife.

"Yes," said Miss Stockbridge, "she is my dearest friend, and every way admirable. We are old school cronies. I owe all my facility in speaking French to her. She would not address me in English, and the teachers all encouraged her to persecute me, until finally I conquered my dislike to speaking it. How long do you stay in Wolfsborough, Mr. Hazeltine?"

Sid would have answered, "Just as long as you do," had he spoken his thought; but he said, instead,

"Only a few days."

"It will depend upon whether you enjoy yourself, doubtless; but I think you will. We have rides on horseback and fishing and boating, when the weather is fine; and in-doors, books and music. Mrs. Halstead is an accomplished singer, though Madame Corbier, the nurse, discourages her singing."

"Nurse?" queried Sidney; and then reflecting that there might have been a baby which he had not heard of, he kept silent on the subject. Miss Stockbridge suddenly became interested in geology, and picking up a pebble from the walk, was surprised to find it so curiously veined with mica.

After tea there was a row on the lake. The boat was fitted out in Sybaritic style by Bert to please Nathalie. Sidney did all the rowing, except

once when Miss Stockbridge took the oars for a few moments. He watched her "feather" them, wondering how and where she had learned this extra-feminine accomplishment. He was a most skillful oarsman himself, and greatly enjoyed watching her. Mrs. Halstead was silent, and Albert gave all his attention to her. The beauty of the scene oppressed her, she said, and her husband remarked that she was too sensitive for such wild scenes; so he arranged and re-arranged her cushions, and finally she went quietly to sleep. Later in the evening they had music, in which all joined. Sidney had never enjoyed a quartette like this one. He supported the tenor, and Miss Stockbridge the contralto, and the four voices blended admirably. Nathalie sang with great taste and skill; but Bel, when she sang, seemed a part of the song itself, so thoroughly did the music inspire her. Here, in the drawing-room, appeared the mysterious "nurse"—a middle-aged French lady, who had evidently seen better days. She was very easy in her manners, and a great talker, though she spoke English abominably. Curiosity is a quality quite monopolized by women, according to the other sex; but it is a great mistake: a fair share is owned by men, and Sidney was no exception to the rule. He found himself again wondering, if there was a baby in the house, how this nurse could leave it so long; and then he reflected that it might be dead. In that case, why had not his communicative friend Halstead told him of the fact, and why was not Mrs. Halstead in mourning? Finally he concluded that it must have been a very young child, and there dismissed the subject from his thoughts.

Days passed in this mountain Eden, and all was as quiet and charmingly happy as heart could wish. Mrs. Halstead, being a happy married woman, considered Bel an unfortunate creature, because she was single. Bert had a general belief that all women were match-makers; but he laughed at Nathalie, who, he said, constantly "threw Sid and Bel at each other's heads;" yet he very soon found himself playing the same rôle; and often, when there was a general understanding that the four were bound for an excursion on the lake, or through the woods for flowers, he would suddenly discover that he must go down to the village, or Nathalie was not quite well, and he would stay with her, or take her to ride later in the day. In all these instances the puppets in Nathalie's drama reluctantly (?) departed alone. Very soon they learned their parts so well that no pulling of wires was necessary, and then the malicious Nathalie generally found it convenient to make one of their party wherever they went. Still, when Albert was present, the lovers had ample time for *tête-à-têtes*, for no man more idolized his wife than did Bert Halstead, and, when present, the whole universe to him was merged in Nathalie.

On the afternoon of one of these happy days—the day on which Sidney had worn for the first time a swimming costume, made all by Bel's fair hands—he received a letter from his father. In one part of this letter were these words:

"I am alarmed, my son, at the manner in which you speak of your new friend, Miss Stockbridge. You say she is going to leave soon. I am glad of it, for I fear you will stay as long as she does. You are altogether too susceptible, and too inflammable. You have promised me that you will at least see Mira, and to not marry until a year afterward. During that time I trust the best thing that can be will be done. Don't sink your shaft too deep where you are uncertain of the soil. Come home soon, I pray you. Miss Turnipseed—"

"O Lord!" groaned Sid. "What a task it will be to bring the doctor round! He's got Turnipseed on the brain."

"—Miss Turnipseed will be here before long. Of course she knows nothing of all this. She does not even know of your existence, so far as her father and I are aware, but I think, my boy, you can win her. Women all take kindly to you. You have the noblest art in the world for winning them, and that is the art of treating them as equals. Nothing flatters a sensible woman like this. The toy, angel, baby, goddess theory is 'played out,' to use a bit of modern slang.

"I am much pleased with your purchase. You give so graphic a description that I want to see it myself; and when you marry Mirabel Turnipseed—"

Sid thrust the letter back into its envelope, and, lighting a cigar, strolled out on the hills.

That evening occurred the last row on the lake. They went out when the sun was setting, and after a while Bel took the oars, and Sidney sat at her feet. There was a sadness over both, for the hour of separation drew near; but Bel concealed hers, as women generally do. The life of women is often a continued study to conceal motives and emotions, and among the best of them it has not unfrequently become second nature.

"You are unhappy to-night, Mr. Hazeltine," she said, after rowing slowly in silence for a time.

"I am happy, Miss Stockbridge, since I am in your presence; unhappy, because I am so soon to leave you. You tell me your father is coming for you early next week, and I should like to meet him; but I am obliged to go to-morrow, or the day after at farthest. You know—for I have told you—that my friend Halstead believes I came to this place only to see him and his charming wife, while, in fact, I had forgotten their existence when I followed you ashore, simply because you drew me irresistibly. Since then I know you have learned in a hundred ways that I love you. Henceforth without you even this place would be unendurable, like all others. I dare not ask you if you can ever love me. How should a beautiful and talented woman care for any of us? What is there in me for you to care for? But I could make up for all my imperfections, Bel, by the mighty love I have to lay at your feet—a love that is without bound, and will endure while life lasts. I never believed in asking a woman's heart. I have always thought she would give it freely, if it was hers to give." Sidney spoke in the most tender, respectful manner. Like all men of real nobility, his passion humbled him. It made him like a child in the presence of this woman, whom he scarcely had any hope to win.

"You are worthy of any girl in the world, Mr. Hazeltine: my heart tells me that; but I have been all the time conscious that you have tried to not care for me. There is some secret which I can not fathom—something which makes it wrong for you to love me."

"Not wrong, Bel. That can never be. It is true that my father has set his heart on my marrying a certain lady who is, doubtless, a thousand times too good for me. I have often talked to him as though I should not oppose his wishes, not caring specially for any other lady, and being anxious to please so excellent a father. I do not even know but that the lady herself expects it. I have written to him about you frankly, not mentioning your name, of course. I have told him that I had not asked your love, and did not expect I had power to win it, but failing, I should not marry at all. He begs me to come and see him, wishes me to see the lady before I decide, and says he will ask no more, only that— I can't dwell upon it. It pains me. If he were like any other father, I could treat him less gently. He's a very charming man, Bel. He makes every body *love* to please him; but he knows I am fully determined, and I can not see why he insists upon my seeing the lady. I am only sorry he has not seen you. When he does, he will understand my reasons for opposing his wishes. You say nothing. Have you no word for me?"

"You have not met the lady, you say. Go and see her. She may be very different from what you think her. She may be, and probably is, every way better than I am. Go, and for your father's sake try to love her. If you do not succeed—I will see you again. Take the oars and row back, please, and if you care for me as you say, do not speak of this again."

Sidney did not fail to see and feel the emotion in Bel's face and in her voice. He pressed her hands to his lips impassionedly, and held them there until she drew them away from maidenly shame. Then, taking the oars, he rowed to the shore in silence.

The next morning there was an unusual confusion in the house. The French nurse flitted here and there, but spoke to no one, which was, for her, very unusual. Breakfast was extraordinarily late, but just as it was announced, Halstead appeared in the sitting-room with a beaming face, and said,

"I have a surprise for you, Sidney!"

"Ah! what is it?" asked the guest, thinking it must be something very unusual and very grand to induce his friend to call him Sidney, which he had never done before in his life.

"Hold on a minute, and I'll tell you," he said, and rushed out of the room. He was gone some minutes, and Sidney became anxious to know what had happened. At last Halstead appeared on the threshold and stopped short. He held in his arms a diminutive package, done up in a piece of elaborately embroidered white flannel. Sid approached and looked at a little high-colored face in the blanket, winking and blinking its eyes in the light, and moving its lips in all sorts of droll grimaces.

"Good God! Bert, where did you get that?" exclaimed Sidney, in great astonishment. The pronoun "that" evidently hurt the young papa, and he turned away from the unsympathizing barbarian.

"Don't go, Bert. Do let me see the fellow. I've a great mind to take him." This pronoun evidently appeased Bert, for he gave the little stranger into the hands of Sid, who took him, very gingerly, indeed, and commenced laughing inextinguishably. At last it occurred to him that he was expected to congratulate his friend, and as a preliminary asked, rather awkwardly,

"This is your baby, of course?"

Bert smiled cynically.

"Albert, allow me to felicitate you with all my heart." And with the baby on one arm he approached and grasped his friend's hand enthusiastically. From that moment Bert recovered his gay spirits.

"You see, Bert, you took me so by storm, and a baby is such an inscrutable thing to a bachelor. One day it is nowhere in the universe, and the next it springs on you full armed, like Minerva from the brain of Jupiter, and looks for all the world as if it was as ancient as the sphinx of Egypt. I don't know any thing about babies. I never even saw one at this advanced age; but I can see this is a nice, strong fellow. I suppose they say he looks like you; but I'll be hanged if he looks like any thing under the heavens, or any where else. That's lucky for you, though. You can 'bow down' and worship him without breaking the second commandment." And Sid laughed anew to see the diminutive thing "square off," as he called the baby's frantic effort to do something with his arms. Finally he remembered the words of his father's letter, and congratulated Bert over again, and inquired for the mother. Bert declared that she was "getting on splendidly." Here Bel entered, and taking the baby, commenced to talk to it and caress it as if she had done nothing else all her life. Sid thought she had never looked so beautiful. The baby seemed as much at home in her arms as the infant in Raphael's famous Madonna of the Chair, which the living picture recalled.

What happiness this child seemed to bring every body, especially the father! and Sid hardly knew what to say when he learned from Bert that it was already named Albert Sidney, in honor of the guest. Later in the day he was permitted to pay his respects to the mother. She, too, was radiant, and confidently advised him to marry, that he might understand more fully the happiness that had fallen on her household with the advent of the adored infant.

The excitement did not last long for the bachelor; that day, however, and the next, though he scarcely saw any thing of Bel, he got on very well, even though there was every where and in every thing a suggestion of baby. The nurse was full of important care and anxiety. Among so many *children*, as she called the family, indiscriminately, the baby would be killed. She was specially horrified when "Monsieur Hazeltine" proposed to take it down to the lake and give it a swim. The third day Sidney bade the happy household good-by. "I am out of place here, Bert," he said. "Your superabundant bliss makes me feel like a shivering, starving outcast in sight of a palace full of banqueters. I don't envy you, old fellow; believe that. You deserve it all."

His parting with Bel had been very unsatisfactory—only a few words spoken in the sitting-room while his friend Bert was getting the horse ready. The one subject on which Sid wished to speak had been tabooed by Bel on the night of their last row on the lake, and he had tacitly accepted the conditions. He had agreed to write to her from Worcester, where he was to stop a few days. Further, there were no future plans, and they separated abruptly, like those who can not trust themselves to talk. He then joined Bert in the stables, and discussed the "points" of a very promising colt. Some time was taken up with this, and when they drove out and passed the front of the house, Bel was discovered sitting near the edge of the veranda sewing. Sidney touched his hat to her as the horse trotted by, and the impulse to go back and speak to her became irresistible a moment later, when they had reached the road at the end of the terrace. Accordingly he asked his friend to stop while he returned to the house for a moment. Bel was still on the veranda, which was raised on that side some feet from the ground, and her daintily slippered feet peeped out from beneath her white morning-gown. Sidney looked up into her face. Why had he returned? There was nothing to say. In fact, the tears of both were very near the surface, and neither uttered a word during the few seconds that Sidney stood there. He had hoped, perhaps expected, some token from Bel; but he was disappointed, and bending over, he kissed her feet with almost rude vehemence, and quickly turned away.

"Sidney!"

Again he was before her; silent still, but his face was transformed by that single word. Springing down from the veranda, she gave him both hands, and said:

"I fear you think I have treated you very coldly; but, in truth, I can not drive from my mind the fact that you are expected to marry another, and I did not wish to encourage you in the least until you had been fully tested—until, at least, you had seen the lady; for, as I said, I do not doubt that she could win you against me if she had an equal chance. I know you are sorry in your heart to go against your good father's wishes."

"True, my dear friend; but why discuss that? It is written that I *am* to go against his wishes, and I have no fear of the results."

"Well, you must not keep Albert waiting. You say you are to stop a week in Worcester. Write me from there, and then again when you have seen the lady. I shall not forget you," she added, looking up into his face, "because I can not, if I would." Then the parting ended with a kiss, "folded down," as Mrs. Browning says, "in perfect purple state."

"Be sure that I shall write, Bel," were Sidney's last words there among the roses and jasmines, whose breath long after lingered in his memory mingled with the sweeter perfume of love-hallowed lips.

For some days Bel was in a state of beatitude. She could think of nothing but her marvelous fortune in winning the deep, earnest love of a noble, handsome gentleman, and an ideal lover. But as the days wore on the roses began to fade in her lips and cheeks, for the letter from Sidney never came. She grew wretched beyond measure, and weary of the scenery even which she had so loved. She grew weary of all things except the baby Sidney, and watching and tending him, or carrying him out on the terrace when the weather permitted, was her only solace. Nathalie endeavored by every means to inspire her friend with hope. "There is some mystery, Bel, about this silence," she would say. "It would be criminal in you to distrust a man like Sidney. Men love so tenderly and so faithfully. They tell us such falsehoods about them, dear; but don't you allow yourself to doubt. There is more of the flirt in you or me in one day, serious women though we are, than in Albert or Sidney in their whole lives."

"You judge from your own happy experience, Nathalie; but I will not contradict you. If he has forgotten me utterly, why, I can die, as many a better woman has done. I shall never find another to take *his* place."

And all this weary sorrow, sleepless nights, and fading lips arose from one of those foolish *contretemps* that will sometimes happen even to the most practical and cool-headed. Sidney had written as he promised. It was a short, impassioned letter, praying only that Bel would trust him to work out her happiness and his. A single sentence will show that he was not likely to forget the last moments he had spent with Bel. "Since that 'spirit in my feet' led me back to you, darling, I have been every moment conscious of my lips. The chrism of love is upon them, and they feel proudly worthy to utter your name." The letter had been folded, enveloped, sealed, and then deliberately addressed, "Miss Bel Stockbridge, Wolfsborough, *Vermont*," instead of New Hampshire. It would have been laughable, had it not cost the peace of mind of a good and charming girl, that a man of the world—a practical man, too, like Sidney—could have committed so stupid a blunder. But the evil was done; and when many days passed and no answer came, he began to reflect, after the manner of men, on the fickleness of women in general, and the lack of all real passion in Bel particularly. Finally he decided to go home, and, after an interview with Miss Turnipseed, convince his father of the utter folly of the proposed marriage, and then make one more effort to win back the wavering heart of Bel. Still he made no haste to return. Meanwhile Mr. Turnipseed and the doctor coolly turned the matter over, and the former decided to go and bring Miss Turnipseed to Yonkers. She was in Brighton, Massachusetts, and her father found her any thing but improved by the trip, and immediately commenced to recommend matrimony—man's sovereign cure for all feminine ills. Miss Turnipseed at first insisted upon going home to Brooklyn; for her aunt, the housekeeper, had commenced to weary of "keeping house for nobody," as she had said in her last letter to Mira. Had Sidney known that Miss Turnipseed was quite as averse to meeting the "cut and dried" husband whom her father had ready for her as that young man was to meet Miss Turnipseed, he would have looked forward to the encounter with less repugnance. He constantly pictured to himself in that lady a lank and sour spinster, quite ready and willing to gobble him up without question, and he foresaw that his gallantry was to be put to a cruel test. However, the sooner over the better, he thought, and so timed his return that he reached Yonkers only a few hours after the arrival of Mr. and Miss Turnipseed.

After dinner Miss Turnipseed had had a conversation with her father, in which she had shown utter repulsion to the idea of marriage, and he had answered, quite savagely for him,

"Don't have a fit, Mira. The marriage is not likely to take place, for it seems that young Hazeltine is quite in love with some one he has met in his travels. At least you need not fear his abducting you, after the manner of your heroes of romance."

It was late in the afternoon when the good Dr. Hazeltine went to the railway station to meet his son. On the way home Sidney said:

"I feel that I am playing the most ludicrous rôle imaginable. If you knew how much it costs me to gratify this whim of yours, you would not take my acquiescence so coolly. I do not wish to offend you, Sir, but you and Mr. Turnipseed seem to be experimenting with us with about as much sentiment as if we were pet dogs or race-horses. However, forgive my ill humor. It will soon be over."

For the rest of the day both were silent, and the doctor was very nervous, indeed, for him. During the lunch which awaited Sidney the doctor kept his son company, and introduced Mr. Turnipseed. Sidney made every effort to be agreeable, and talked freely on any topic but one, and that was his purchase of the Halstead place. The old gentleman, on the contrary, seemed to dwell on the subject, and proposed that they should all go there, including Miss Turnipseed, of course, to spend a week after the Halsteads left. "What do you say, Sidney?" asked the doctor.

"I think, father, that I have had enough of the place for the rest of my life, and I am quite willing to relinquish my right, title, and interest in it to the first bidder."

"All right!" exclaimed Mr. Turnipseed. "I like the accounts of the place amazingly. I will have it for my daughter. As she is of a romantic turn, and is going to be an old maid, it will be a fine place for her to moon in during the dog-days."

Sidney winced, thinking of the loved one he had so lately hoped to see the mistress of that enchanting spot, and he repressed a sigh as he rose and followed his father into the drawing-room, where Miss Turnipseed was discovered breaking the seal of a letter which had just arrived. At sight of each other the persecuted victims of an odious matrimonial scheme rushed madly into each other's arms, and Miss Turnipseed sobbed aloud. The cruel parents walked out into the garden, chuckling over the success of the snare they had laid; for Mirabel Stockbridge Turnipseed was, of course, Bel Stockbridge, and none other.

Explanations were soon made. Bel looked up through her tears as she released herself from Sidney's arms, saying, "I quite forgot that I was angry with you, and meant to receive you very coldly. Why did you not write me from Worcester, as you promised?"

"Of course I wrote. How could you doubt it, Bel? Why, you have the letter now in your hand." It was, in fact, the lost letter. It had traveled over Vermont quite leisurely, and at last turned up in the right place, with the words, "Try Wolfsborough, New Hampshire," written on it by some enterprising post-office official, and Nathalie had promptly forwarded it to her friend.

After about an hour, which seemed a minute to the happy lovers, the two old gentlemen came in, overflowing with joy, and commenced to tease the victims. Mr. Turnipseed persisted in the validity of his purchase of the Halstead place. Sidney was determined to convey it directly to Bel, and so it was finally decided. The Halsteads insisted upon having the wedding at their place, which they had christened "*Mirabel Terrace.*" In August the whole party were on the spot, and the two fathers were scarcely less happy than the bride and bridegroom elect. Their dearest wishes were accomplished. The ceremony took place one glorious evening at sunset, on the very spot of the terrace where the lovers had first met. Bel looked inexpressibly lovely in her white robes as she stood there under the golden and crimson clouds that rolled majestically over the fair waters of Lake Winnipiseogee, and lingered in bridal splendor over the happy scene.

Thus ended the romance of Miss Turnipseed.